THE BYSTANDER
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HANNEN SWAFFER ATTACKS CRITICS

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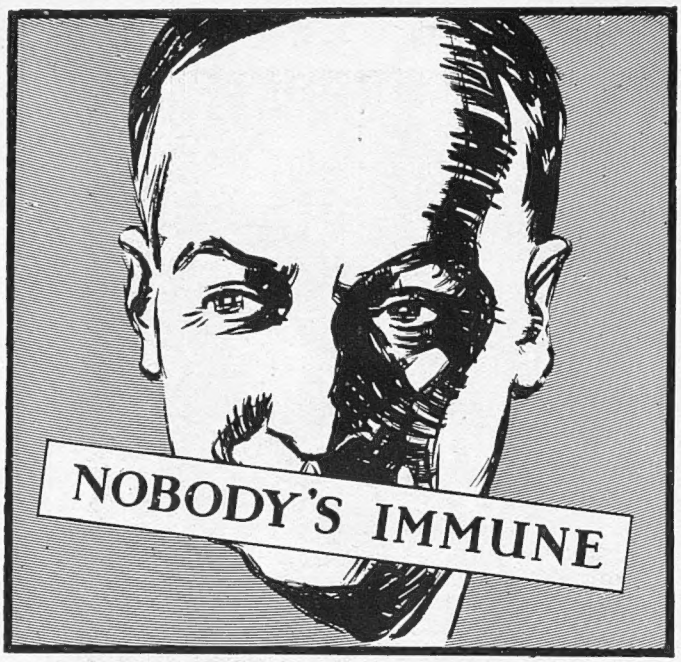

4 out of 5 when gums break down

after 40, and many younger, sacrifice health to grim Pyorrhœa, poisoner of the bloodstream, forerunner of stomach trouble, rheumatism and neuritis.

When gums break down your most important barrier against disease is gone! When they become pale, soft and spongy they harbour poisons which pour into the bloodstream, poison it, and ruin your health. More often than not that is how serious stomach troubles, rheumatism, neuritis, come about. With your normal powers of resistance sapped, you succumb to infection of all kinds. Look to your gums, especially if you are constantly catching coughs, colds, 'flu, or are anæmic.

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THE BYSTANDER

THE MARCHIONESS of CARISBROOKE.

The Marchioness invariably lends her patronage to charity. Her husband, Lord Carisbrooke is, of course, the King's nephew.

Raphael

THAT SECOND ROUND

You often lunch hurriedly "against the clock" to secure your place on the tee. A glass of Guinness is very easily digested, helps you to digest your lunch too. Guinness is very sustaining, so that cheese, biscuits and Guinness make a perfect Golfer's lunch.

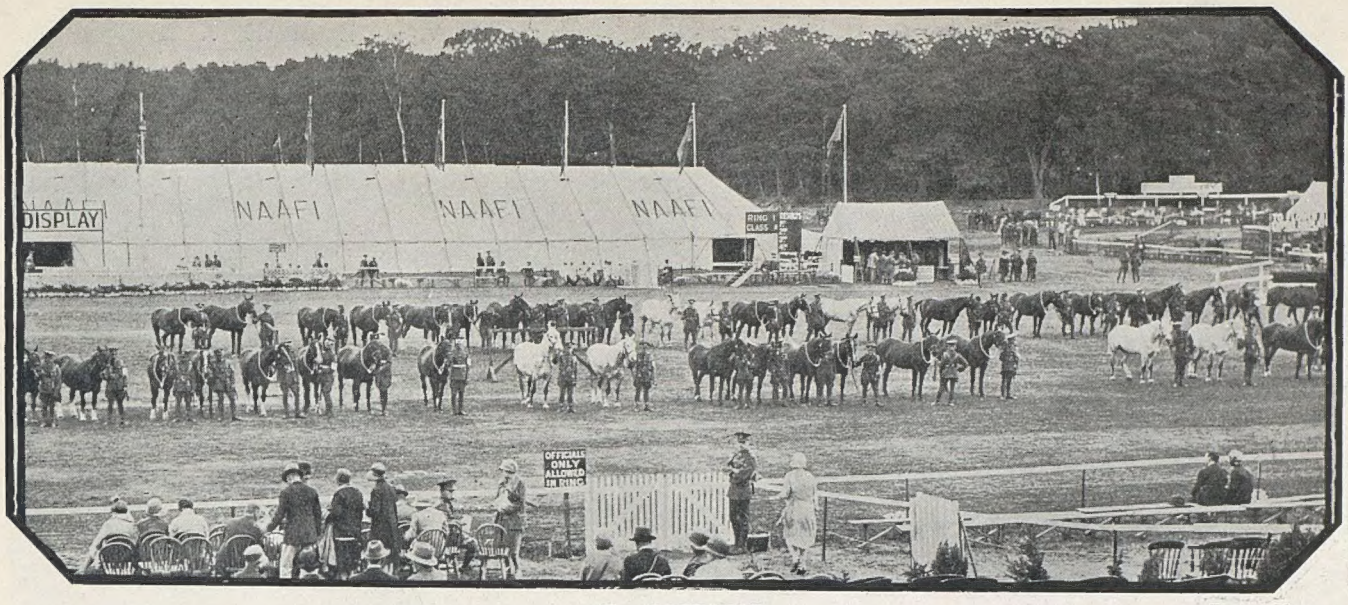
Guinness gives you the extra energy to carry you through to the 36th hole.

GUINNESS

good for your golf

good for you

G.E. 24



AT ALDERSHOT *Express Photo*

This year the Aldershot Command and District Horse Show, which had a record number of entries, was more successful than ever. Above is seen a view of the arena during the judging of light draught horses

The Passing Hour

THE KING looked wonderfully happy during his drive through the West End back to Buckingham Palace and very fairly well. His Majesty chose an open carriage, though the weather was far from propitious, because, as ever, he thought of his loyal subjects, who were yearning to see him, rather than of himself. But, even so, would it not have been a less perilous course had the royal doctors and others in a position to advise seen to it that the King wore, on that occasion, some sort of uniform? The day was chilly, and the King was continually baring his head in response to the cheers of the crowd. I remembered that it was the standing with bare head before the Cenotaph in cold weather that was generally considered to have caused that grave illness last November. With loyal respect, THE BYSTANDER humbly suggests that our beloved King, when he drives in an open carriage, should do so *in uniform*, when enthusiasm can be acknowledged by a salute and not by raising the hat.

Where Champagne is no Crime

I SPENT some days last week in Le Touquet, that week-end retreat of the Stock Exchange, Society, and the Stage. It is such an easy jump out of London from which to escape our nursery night-laws, and to be able to remain in possession of a glass of wine an hour after midnight without feeling a hounded criminal is a particular attraction. My visit happened to coincide with the meeting of Buck's Club—that exclusive coterie of kindred Bond Street spirits—for their annual golf tournament. Though all are eager golfers, the play in the opening rounds was not such as to cause "Bobby" Jones any anxiety if he comes over for the Amateur Championship next year, for if there is anything that can upset members of Buck's from their allegiance to the green grass of the golf course it is the green baize of the Casino tables. Consequently, those who were latest to bed were earliest out of the tournament.

Keystone

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. R. M. Stewart, who, in their tiny speed boat, Sea Hawk VI, made a plucky dash across the North Sea from Aberdeen. They reached Stavanger without mishap, nearly twelve hours after they were due

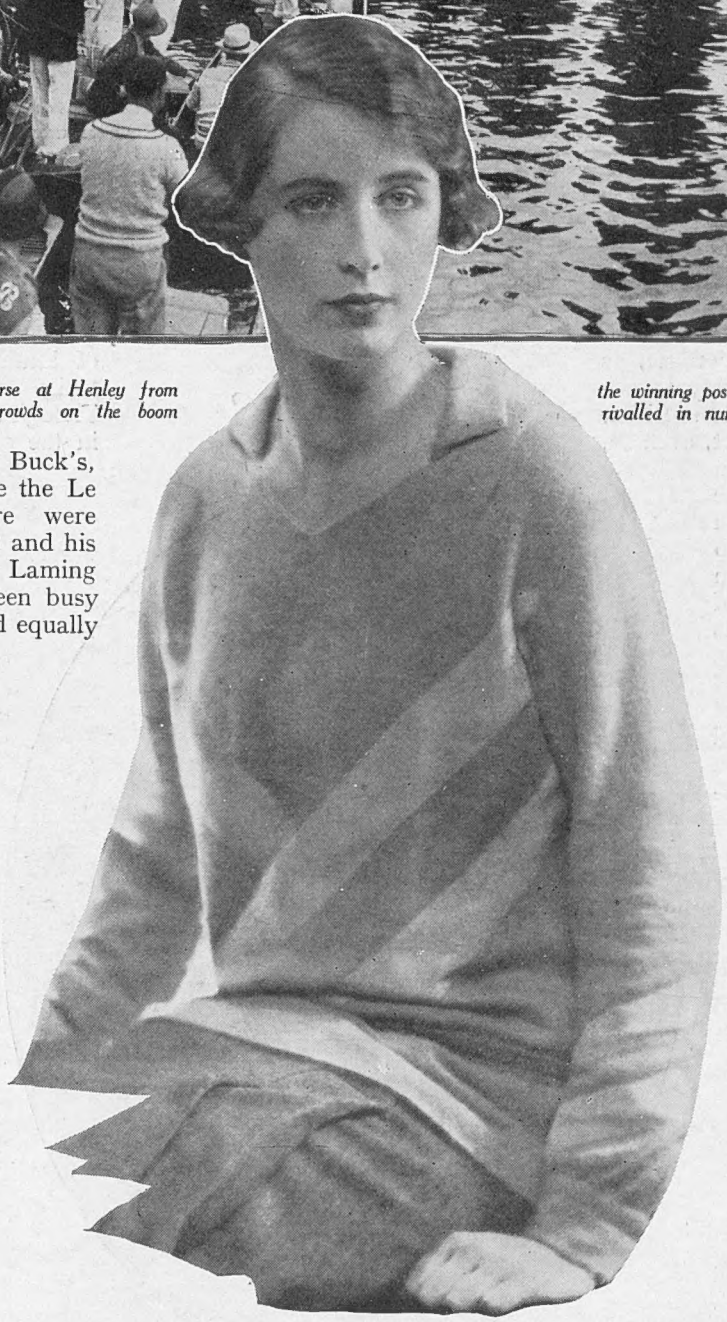
Victory for the Go-to-Beds

LORD PORTARLINGTON was one who had to pay the price of too little sleep. With a 5 a.m. handicap, he was defeated by Colonel Bishop, V.C., who had the advantage of a 2 a.m. start. Lord Carlisle also made his exit after his first match, though this could not be attributed to any excess of enthusiasm for the interior of the Casino, nor to any lack of moral support, for with him were Lady Carlisle and her sisters—still more familiarly known as the Ruthven twins—sight of whom in their vivid cobalt blue two-pieces and red, white and blue handkerchiefs should have

AN IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT

Planet News

A view of the famous regatta course at Henley from the winning post during a heat of the Thames Challenge Cup. The crowds on the boom rivalled in numbers those on the lawns



Dorothy Wilding

LADY ANNE CAVENDISH

The youngest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, whose engagement to Mr. Henry Hunloke has been announced. Her fiancé is the son of Sir Philip Hunloke, Groom-in-Waiting to the King and famous for the skilful way in which he has so often steered the Royal yacht Britannia to victory

inspired him to victory. Buck's, however, did not monopolise the Le Touquet playground; there were others, like Lord Birkenhead and his son, Lord Ashfield, and Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, to be seen busy upon the fairways by day and equally busy around the *chemin-de-fer* tables by night.

At the Casino

In the evening, of course, golf gave place to gambling, the persecution of the bunkers to applause of pearls, than which there were none finer than the four rows that encircled the dark neck of the Maharanee of Cooch Behar, who was with the be-diamonded Princess Brinda of Kapurthala. Few backgrounds can be more becoming than the interior of the new Restaurant de la Foret at Le Touquet. It is designed with classic Greek simplicity, and illuminated with the soft radiance of indirect lighting. Its architect, M. Jourde, has also been responsible for the Grand Hotel on the sea front and the new Casino adjoining, both of them perfect examples of modern interior decorating.

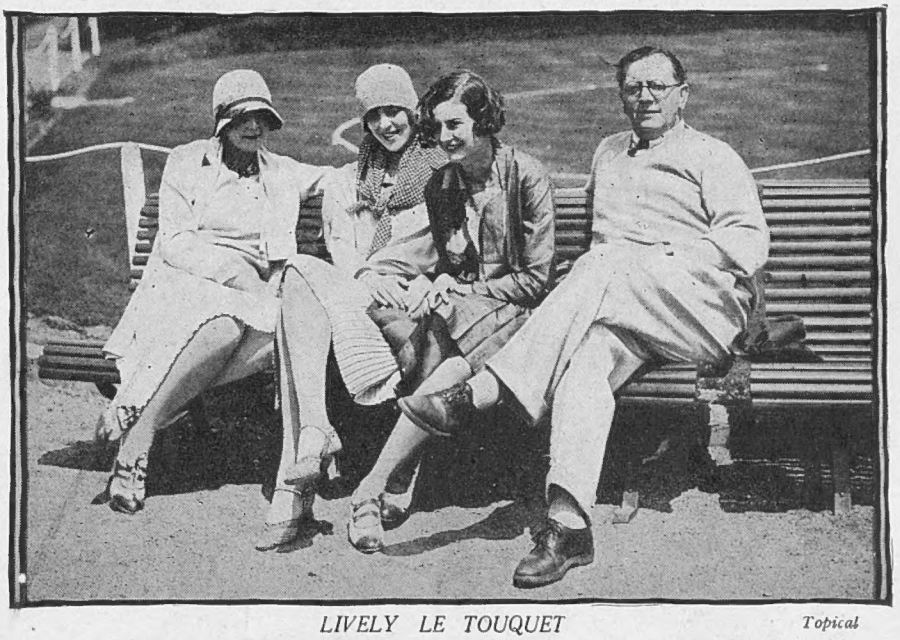
A Win for the Blondes

Two of the most beautiful women in the Casino during the Buck's Club invasion were Lady Moira Combe and Mrs. Jack Coats, in dazzling white, with white fox accentuating her gold hair and brushing against the untinted rose of her cheeks. Her husband is on his way back from an expedition into Africa with Babe White, the explorer, that should afford some fascinating tales on their return. Blondes, I found, had it a good deal their own way at Le Touquet, though whether or not it was Brigitte Helm, as someone stoutly maintained to me, with her cascade of fair curls about her neck. I am still unable to confirm. I can say, however, that I saw neither of the Dolly Sisters, though the rooms

TRAVEL ON THE CONTINENT

I.B.

The glories of Henley were revived again this year, when large crowds of visitors watched the racing from lawn and boat. The surroundings are among the most beautiful of all the Thames regattas, and present a picture of life and colour that is essentially English in its conception



LIVELY LE TOUQUET *Topical*

Society is flocking to Le Touquet for the joys of the sea, casino, and, of course, golf Lady Mary Herbert (left), Mrs. Michael Hornby, Miss Coombe and Lord Portarlington are seen waiting their turn on the links

Sport and General

Lord Birkenhead, who played for the "Brigands" against "Bucks" at Le Touquet He is seen about to drive off from the first tee

were crowded with such familiar faces as those of Sir Robert Horne, Lord Dalkeith, Lord Sefton, and that astoundingly energetic octogenarian, Sir Claude Champion-de-Crespigny, and Mr. Sidney Herbert, M.P., at whose coming the croupiers at the high table almost relax their enigmatic expressions into something resembling a smile.

To Cologne in Comfort

FROM Le Touquet I made my way to Ostend, where I enjoyed the interesting experience of travelling on the footplate of a Continental express when making its maiden trip. I obtained permission to indulge in this form of questionable pleasure from Monsieur Lamalle, traffic manager of the Belgian National Railways, when travelling on the Ostend-Cologne Pull-

POLITICS AND PARTIES

man Express which was inaugurated on July 1. This new service, which enables the traveller to be "transported" from London to Cologne in a matter of twelve hours only in luxuriously equipped first and second class Pullman cars at a very moderate cost, is the fruit of lengthy negotiations between the Belgian National Railways and the German Railways. The point of particular interest is that this is the first occasion that the Belgian Railways have run a Pullman car service into Germany, and under the new conditions it is possible to secure connections at Cologne with North and South Germany, Russia, and Poland. Those desirous of travelling *via* this route to Cologne should communicate with Monsieur A. Mertz, Delegate of the Belgian National Railways, 47, Cannon Street, E.C.4.

Rise of the Political Curtain

I RETURNED to London to fall amidst the undiminished optimism of Conservatives and Liberals on the eve of the King's Speech, but neither Londonderry House nor Halkyn House, where Lord Beauchamp received the "fighting fifty-seven" and other Liberals, had the lustre of similar occasions in the past. Whereas Lady Londonderry, for the past five years, has entertained for the Government, this time it was only for the Opposition, and this consciousness of departed power seemed to permeate the atmosphere of the evening. Never have I seen Lady Lettice Lygon look so beautiful. She stood at the top of the staircase at Halkyn House beside her father (illness preventing Lady Beauchamp being present), a tall and lovely figure in white and upon the front of her frock what I can only describe as a series of gold and silver wings like those of some giant flying fish. Clothes, however, are not the only obligation of a hostess, and had she perhaps observed more of her father's practised urbanity of greeting some of those young Liberals who so magnificently upset Conservative majorities to let the Socialists in might well have felt the determination to go out and batter themselves against any odds at the earliest opportunity.

Three attractively robed visitors to the Indian Empire Garden Party held at Ranelagh last week. They are Miss Nurgesh Kothawala (left), Miss K. Kothawala and Miss R. Kothawala

THE LUNCHEON

The Eton and Harrow match at Lord's is quite as Miss Helen McKie gives above an impression of some sartorial justice to the great occasion, near a corner of is one that no right-

The Fetish of Conservative Loyalty

THE unanimity with which Conservative Members passed a vote of confidence in Mr. Baldwin at the meeting of the Party might really lead one to think that the Conservatives and not Labour had won the Election. Indeed, it seems a traditional habit of the Tories to pass votes of confidence in their leaders, no matter how much they may have thrown away the prospects of the Party. Loyalty has become so much a fetish with them that they have lost all their spirit of critical independence. Mr. Baldwin has never given any lead to

ETON AND HARROW AT LORD'S

By Helen McKie

INTERVAL AT LORD'S

important a social as a sporting function—indeed, to many people it is more so! Old Etonians and Old Harrovians assembled with their womenfolk, who do full the Pavilion. The solemn rite of inspecting the pitch—to say nothing of the frocks—minded person ever misses

the Conservatives; he has never given them the fighting enthusiasm which is the mark of the real leader. The Election might be said to have been his ordeal by fire, and that ordeal he failed. Had he but made a cardinal issue of unemployment when he was returned to power five years ago, and had he but achieved a minimum of his intentions, the country would at least have applauded the attempt at the polls. Now Labour has taken that opportunity, and the Tories can but sit by and clap their hands. That their applause for Mr. Thomas's plans will this week turn to bitter opposition on the question of Safeguarding is obvious. If Liberals support Labour for the repeal of the Duties, then surely will industry be dealt a blow that not all Mr. Thomas's new telegraph poles and steel sleepers will save from disaster.

Two Cyclonic Dancers

After the Londonderry-Halkyn receptions I discarded political cares by finishing the evening at the May Fair to watch in almost breathless admiration those two cyclonic dancers, Jean Barry and Fitzgibbon, whose success earlier in the season has brought about their return. Also the May Fair has a band that can compete with any American importation, and I saw that even Lord Portarlington, after the fatigue of the week-end at Le Touquet, was enticed to dance. Sitting near that most dignified and charming of Indian potentates, the Maharajah of Kapurthala, were what I first took to be neophytes of the Dress Reform Party. On their evening coats were scarlet cuffs and collars. My surmise, however, was wrong. They were just members of the Corps Diplomatique.

The Origin of "Vesta Tilley"

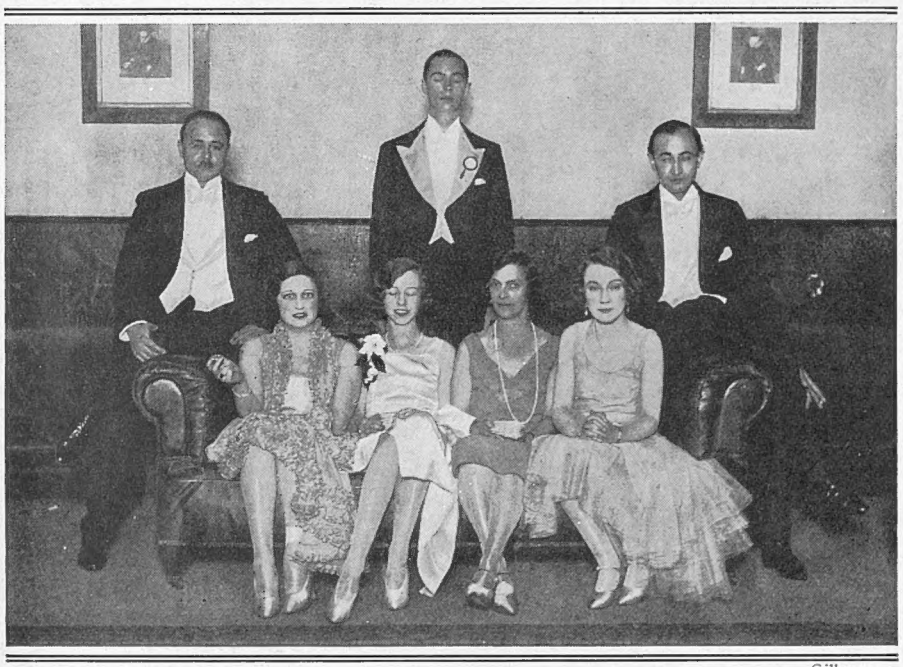
The first-night at the Haymarket, which saw the return of Henry Ainley, brought many of his contemporaries into the stalls. There was Mr. Allan Aynesworth, who has been for nearly two years out of the theatre, but returns within the month, and there were also Lady de Frece and her husband, who managed to increase his majority at Blackpool. "Quex," in his informative "Diary of a Man About Town" in the *Daily Chronicle*, tells how Lady de Frece first came by her stage name of Vesta Tilley. On her first appearance in

H. W. Austin (left) and Jean Borotra enjoying a well-earned drink after their battle in the semi-final of the Men's Singles at Wimbledon. "Bunny" Austin, who was the first Englishman to reach the semi-finals since 1923, was beaten 6—1, 10—8, 5—7, 6—1

THE WADHAM COMMEMORATION BALL

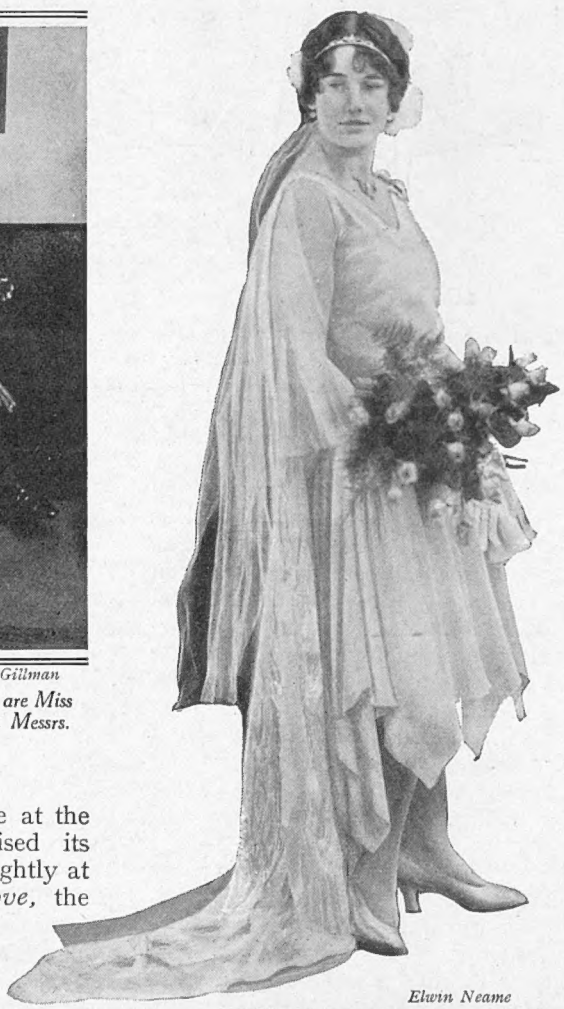
Gillman

A group of members of the Committee of the Wadham Commemoration Ball and their guests. Seated on the sofa are Dr. J. F. Stenning, C.B., C.B.E., M.A., the Warden, Mrs. Stenning, Miss Wild and Mr. J. K. Robinson-Davies



Gillman

Some more of those who attended the Commemoration Ball at Wadham. In the front row are Miss Joy Beaumont (left), Miss Margot Wild, Mrs. Davies and Mrs. James, and at the back are Messrs. C. de C. James, J. K. Robinson-Davies and S. Dreyfus



Elwin Neame

TWO INTERESTING LADIES

Miss Renée Lees, the daughter of Colonel Orde Lees, A.F.C. Her father was a member of the late Sir Ernest Shackleton's Antarctic Expedition

London, at the age of ten, she was billed as "The Great Little Tilley." The manager of the old Canterbury Music-hall told her father that audiences could not know if she were a boy or a girl. He suggested "Lady Tilley," but Miss Tilley preferred Vesta. Her father put the two names, "Lady Tilley" and "Vesta Tilley" into a hat. "Vesta Tilley" came out first, and as "Vesta Tilley" she has always been known.

"Moonshine Stuff"

THE sophisticated audience at the Arts Theatre Club raised its well-bred eyebrows ever so slightly at the first night of *Young Love*, the American play which came under Lord Cromer's ban. According to rumour, the Censor had promised to be present, and there were many conflicting reports as to whether he was or was not

MOONSHINE AND THE SERGEANT-MAJOR-DOMO

represented. Actually, Lord Cromer or his deputy is seeing the play during its short run.

More important than the likelihood of the play's public presentation were the Dora-esque prohibitions of the club's sergeant-major-domo, who whiled away the intervals by "moving on" people in the narrow vestibules. "No drinking in the doorway, *please*!" "No drinks unless you have your membership card, madam." "Don't block up the doorway, sir."

Mr. J. Van Druten, from whose play, *Young Woodley*, the Censor's ban was lifted after an Arts Theatre production, was in the audience. His was an infinitely better piece of work.

Young Love, which an eminent dramatic critic ambiguously described as "moonshine stuff," could be called other things in club smoking-rooms were they to use plainer language. Moonshine or not, it seems the height of sophistry to argue that Fay is being "truer to David" (with whom she has anticipated marriage) "than she had ever been," at the moment when she is also anticipating marital infidelity with Peter, or whatever his name is, in order further to test her capacity for enduring matrimony when it does come.

Moonshine stuff!

Turner and Drinkwater

PRESENTED AT COURT

Mrs. Benno Pearlman. She is the Lady Mayoress of Hull, and is well known for her municipal activities

Next week's BYSTANDER, which will be a

SPECIAL FLYING NUMBER,

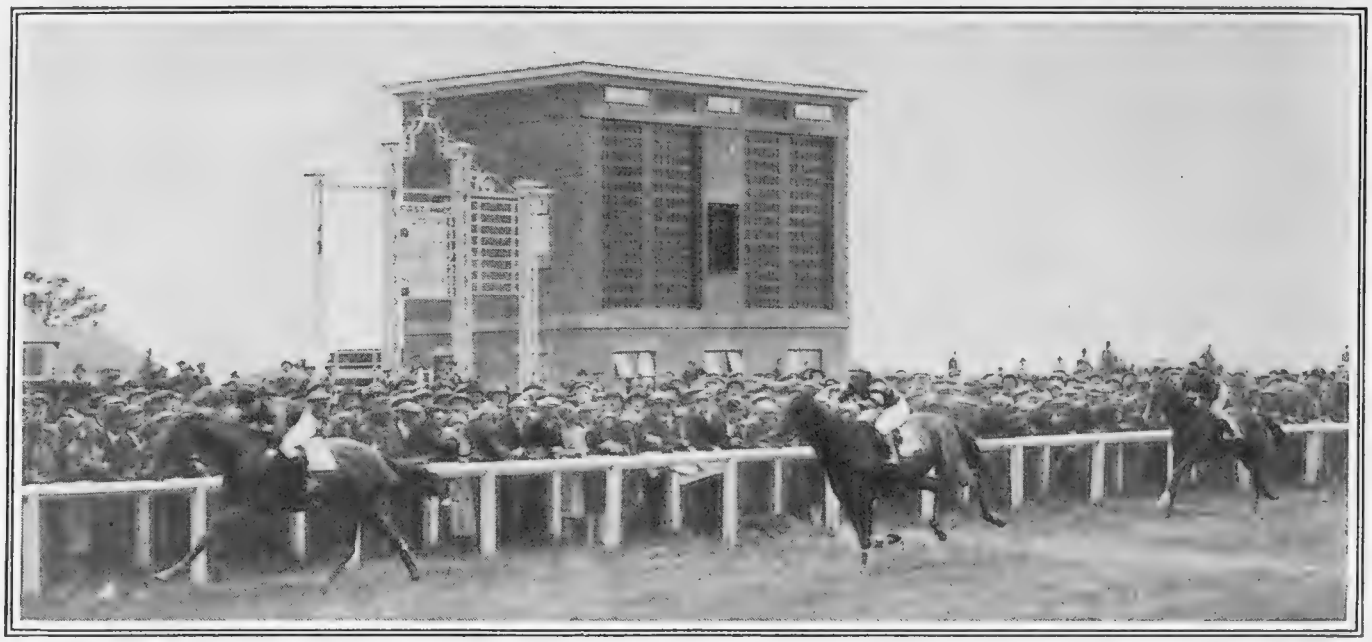
Will contain, in addition to many aeronautical features, a brilliant Short Story by the well-known author and dramatist,

J. HASTINGS TURNER.

BY MUNDO

An impression of King Alfonso at Hurlingham. His Majesty, who is an ardent polo player, is a keen follower of the game in England

SPORTS GOSSIP By "FIELD GLASS"



THE BOOKMAKERS' PERIL

Topica

Lemin winning the Holm Hill Handicap at Carlisle, the first race after the introduction of the "Tote," the indicator of which is seen in the background. On the following day, at Newmarket, the bookies got one back on their mechanical rival by laying 100 to 1 against Lord Rosebery's winning horse, The Bastard

At Headquarters

LORD'S is very full this week, and the turf will need a good rest—which it will not get—when it is all over.

By the times these Notes appear Barber will have decided on his final team, and we will know whether his choice was justified. He is, at the moment of writing, in a very awkward predicament. He has had eight Old Blues playing regularly during the season, and has given Blues to three more, two Freshers and a Senior. Now another Fresher, the Wykehamist, P. J. Brett, son of Zena Dare, has played himself well into the side.

Whether he will drop one of his old Blues or one of the new ones will stand down, as J. L. Guise did some years ago, he is faced with a very awkward decision to make.

A Test Curiosity

WHEN O'Connor had been injured in the Test a boy on the ground staff came out to take his place in the field. This lad, one Stanley Brown, who was selling programmes and bowling at the nets last year, put many members of the England side to shame by his fine work in the long field. It must be something of a record for a boy who has never—so far as I can ascertain—played in a first-class game to field in a Test match. Incidentally, the English fielding was slack and lackadaisical except for three or four members of the side, and this will have to be rectified before the next game.

The U.S.A. at Henley

I AM very sorry, and I hope that Columbia University and Brown and Nichols School will forgive me for having maligned them. So far from being outclassed in their first races they got through the first two rounds in excellent style, but without much to spare. On the second day there were two thrilling dead-heats. The Argonauts put up a wonderful show, and I was very sorry to see them beaten in the re-row. Incidentally, Cambridge crews beat Oxford crews on nearly every possible occasion, which will give Steve Fairbarn another excellent chance of being able to say "I told you so."

I.B.

THE UNDERGROUND'S LATEST ATROCITY

Epstein's totemic effort called "Day," which is collecting raving crowds at St. James's Park Station daily and nightly

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

The following horses are not selected for any particular race, and may not appear again in a programme for a few weeks so keep the names by you.

FLYING ARAB
(Ch. C., by Tangiers—Noble Lady).
Owner, Mr. A. E. Berry. Trainer, M. Hartigan.
With Gordon Richards in the saddle, was backed to atone for previous failures when running fourth to Dazzler in the Claremont Handicap at Sandown. The colt proved himself a stayer in Ireland last year, and over a distance of ground is worth following.

OLD ORKNEY
(Ch. H., by Loch Lomond—Queen's Health).
Owner, Mr. J. J. Murphy. Trainer, Gooch.
In the June Rose Handicap of one mile five furlongs, at Sandown, won by Coster Boy, the slow pace at which the race was run was all against such a proved stayer as Old Orkney. He can be followed with confidence to win another distance race in the near future.

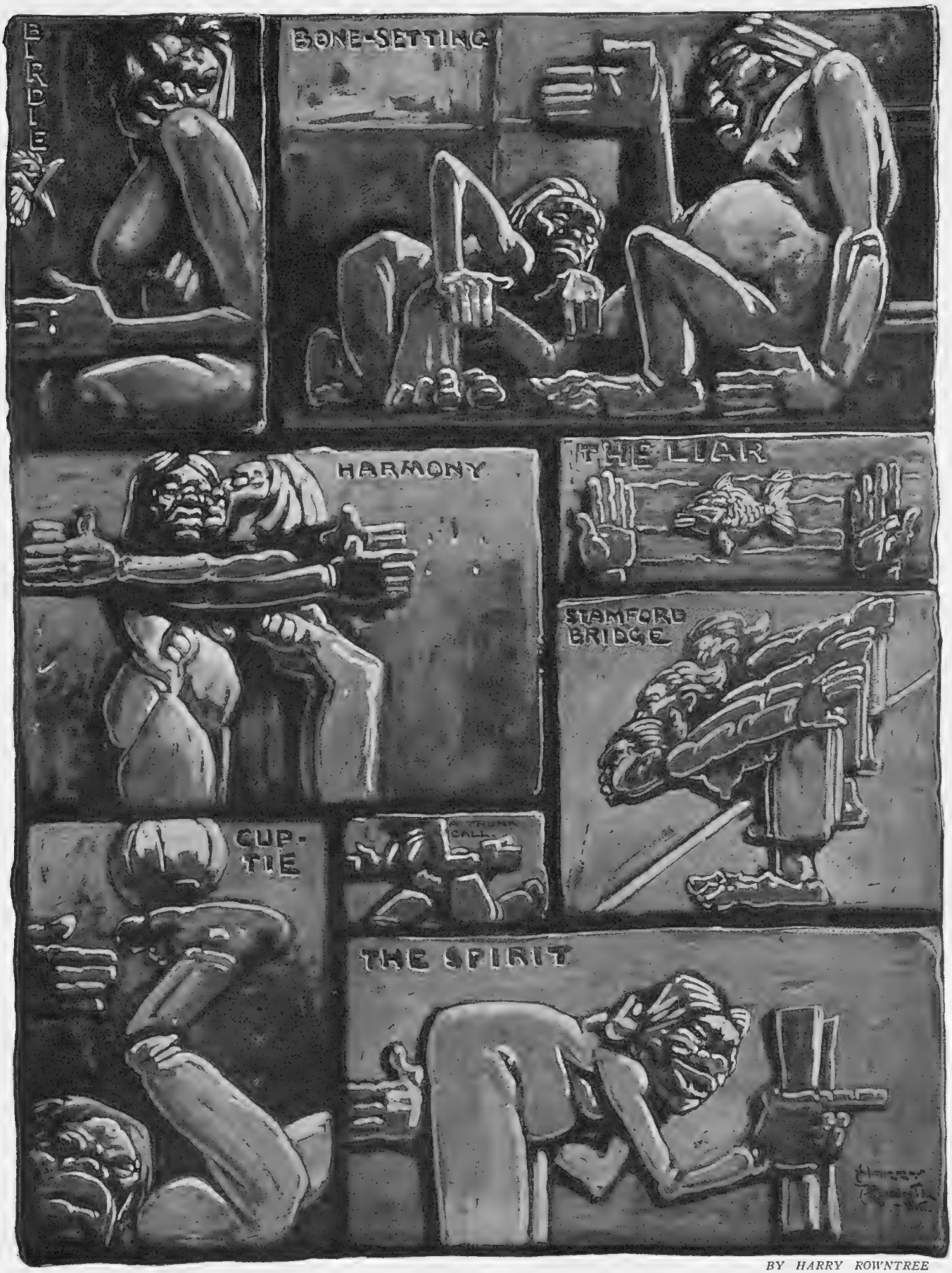
SANDY LANE
(Ch. F., by Grand Parade—Lanessa.
Owner, Mr. R. A. L. Cohen. Trainer, R. Day.
Not getting well away, put in some very fast work to run second to Martagon's Pride C., at Dunstall Park. The filly had only been out once prior to this, finishing ninth in a big field to Fair Diana at Birmingham. She was well backed at Dunstall, and is undoubtedly one to follow.

STILL FREE
(B. H., by Bachelor's Craft—Dam by Dumbarton Castle—Run).
Owner, Mr. R. Bray. Trainer, H. Powney.
Was making his first appearance of the season, when finishing fourth to Rock Forrard, at Dunstall Park. A lot of "Office" money got back to the course for him, which I confidently predict will soon be recovered.

NORAH ELSIE
(F., by White Eagle).
Owner, Mr. F. Bowcher. Trainer, Gwilt.
Was the medium of a late "job" in the Maiden Two-Year-Old Seller at Newmarket, won by Downland. She did not get away with the leaders, and had no chance of justifying the confidence imposed in her. When next exploited in a similar event she is one to be "on."

GOLDEN CENTIPEDE
(Ch. F., by Golden Sun—White Ant).
Owner, Mrs. A. James. Trainer, F. Butters.
This filly has evidently retained her spring form, judging by the large volume of money invested on her, via the "Blower" in the Soham Stakes at Newmarket, won by Bearskin. Losses should be recovered.

SUGGESTIONS GRATIS for JACOB EPSTEIN



BY HARRY ROWNTREE

SUITABLE FOR STATUARY IN MENTAL HOMES

FLYING NOTES

THE Royal Air Force Display, now a fixture in the Season's calendar, is not only a brilliant and amazing spectacle, but a function which one simply cannot afford to miss, because nowhere else in the world can one see flying performed with such skill and elegance. For anything which we may lack in quantity there is ample compensation in quality, both on the score of equipment and performance. Although Their Majesties the King and Queen will not be present this year, the Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York will attend, as also will the Prime Minister and the majority of the Cabinet. Every foreign country is sending its representatives to see something which discipline alone can produce—a perfectly synchronised display, which, incidentally, is taking place for the tenth year in succession.

New Features in the Programme

THE Display is always a public demonstration of some of the varied duties which the Air Force has to undertake, and each item chosen is some part of Service training. For the first time a squadron of flying boats will take part, of a similar type to those used on the Far East Flight when the Southampton Napiers carried out a Service exercise of 27,000 miles to India, Australia, Hong Kong, and Singapore. Another new feature is the use of coloured smoke, which will enable spectators to follow more closely the movements of spinning, rolling, and looping, with their various permutations and combinations. Acrobatic flying has become so intricate that even the experienced observer is sometimes in a difficulty when explaining to his small nephew exactly what has happened—and these small boys are so cunning!

Old Favourites

THE air combat between a twin-engined "Sidestrand" and two "Siskins" will be staged as usual. This always provides a thrill, particularly as the big machine is able to manœuvre with remarkable ease and can be looped and spun if necessary. Equipped with three guns so arranged that all points of the compass are covered, it resembles a porcupine being attacked by terriers. Trench strafing will be illustrated by Jaguar Siskins diving on a camp, bombs being released at 50ft. or so without the aid of scientific sights. The elements of speed and surprise are all-important in this form of attack, the retreat being covered by the next flight of machines, which performs the same manœuvre before the enemy can resight his guns.

Squadron-Leader Sandbags

PERHAPS the most popular figure at any air display is the parachutist who jumps out when his perch is shot away or things get too hot for him. This may occur on Saturday during the set-piece or during a demonstration by the pilots and engineers of the Parachute Depot. Everything depends on the wind. What is known as a live drop is a normal part of Service training, but naturally no undue risks are taken during a display, when parachutists may land amongst the crowd if the wind is in the wrong direction. When

GOING

One of the most thrilling incidents at the R.A.F. Pageant at Hendon this year will be conveyed

HENDON'S GREAT

IN INDIA

Mrs. F. D. Petit, wearing a sari, seen with Mr. E. D. Cummings, the instructor of the Bombay Aero Club. She is the first woman in India to get her pilot's certificate

By F. L. Westley

) ACTION

ombing by flights in formation. The machines are fast "Siskin" IIIA single seat fighters

PAGEANT

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

THE PROGRESS OF FLYING *Photopress*

Sir Philip Richardson, M.P., starting for a little flip to Newcastle. He hopes to fly to Kenya in the near future

practising drops from a machine it is customary to walk out on to the wings and allow oneself to be "pulled off" by the wind at the right moment, but in order to land on the aerodrome accurate judgment is necessary. The machines to be used for demonstration purposes are Vickers Vimy, the same type as used by the late Sir John Alcock and Sir Arthur Whitten Brown on their historic crossing of the Atlantic in 1919.

Aerobatics

FLYING Officers C. H. Jones and H. A. Purvis will give an idea of the skill attained by fighting pilots when manœuvring for position, using Gloster Gamecock machines with Jupiter engines. The advantage in the air is always with the pilot whose flying is "clean," leaving no ragged edges to any movement, but at the Display it is difficult to decide whether one is better than the other, because all are nearly perfect. Two Jaguar Siskins and two Gloster Grebes will give similar displays during the afternoon, the latter machines being equipped with Major Jack Savage's skywriting smoke, thus creating a stereoscopic effect and enabling the onlooker to judge the relative positions of the machines as they move.

Bombs, Bangs and the Bulldog

FOR those who like noise there will be a certain sprinkling of genteel explosions in such items as "Bombing the Tank," "Artillery Observation," and the "Set Piece." The second of these introduces the latest "Art Obs" machine, the Armstrong Siddeley Atlas, which is eventually attacked by a Bristol Bulldog, a remarkable metal fighter whose performance should be watched closely. Six or seven types of machines will take part in the "Set Piece," which develops into an air battle accompanied by much smoke and ending in flames. The Fairey Fox, with the latest Rolls-Royce "F" type engine, and the Bulldog will take part in numbers during a playful exhibition of day bombing.

Traffic and How to Get There

ALL roads lead to Hendon on Saturday, but the actual movement of traffic near the aerodrome will be in the hands of the Metropolitan Police, which has made such excellent arrangements in the past. Parking accommodation will be created for 15,000 cars, some of which can be left conveniently at points just outside the aerodrome itself. The Hampstead Tube and many 'bus services are available for those who cannot borrow cars, so there is really no excuse why anyone should stay away. For the benefit of those who have never been before, I should mention that rain can wash out many things, but not the programme of the Royal Air Force Display, which will be carried out to scheduled time, whatever greeting the gods may provide. CHAS. E. WARD.

SPECIAL FLYING FEATURES

(profusely illustrated)

will appear in

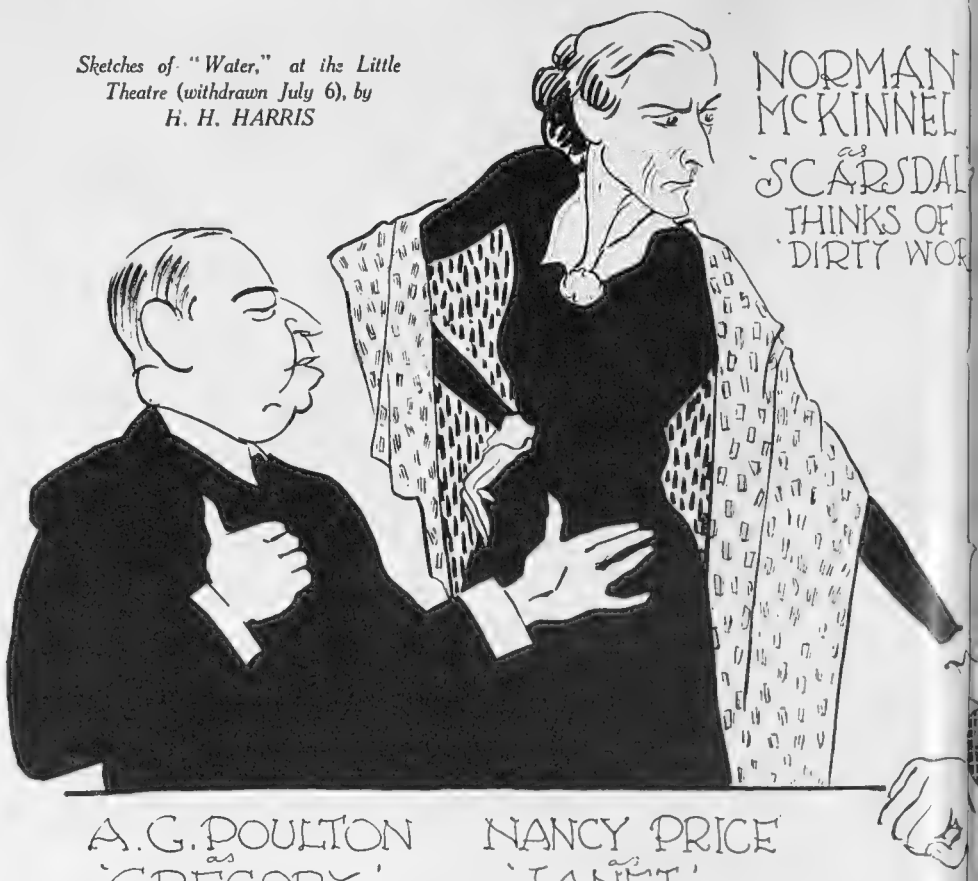
Next Week's BYSTANDER

AT THE PLAY

A NEW YORK STREET and a MAYFAIR

Although "Water" was withdrawn from the Little Theatre ast Saturday, we do not hesitate to publish sketches of this very clever play. The Little Theatre has not been well supported by the public of late although it has staged some most interesting plays.

Sketches of "Water," at ihe Little Theatre (withdrawn July 6), by H. H. HARRIS



A. G. POULTON
as
'GREGORY'

NANCY PRICE
as
'JANET'

"Water," at the Little Theatre

IF only for the reason that *Water*, by Molly Marshall-Hole, gets away from the usual matrimonial triangle of he, she and the other fellow, and is founded on a new theme—new to me, at any rate, so far as the stage is concerned—it deserved a welcome.

GENTLEMEN *v.* Players at Lord's, England *v.* Scotland at Twickenham, and Oxford and Cambridge battling in the boat race are always certain to attract crowds. Quite apart from sport the reason they attract is that there is a fight. The author of *Water*, at the Little Theatre, has also provided a fine fight—the fight between town and country; and as in the six rounds shown in three acts she has not, as referee, put an argumentative brick into either a town or countryman's glove, and has staged her battle cleverly, one would have thought that *Water*—which has no milk in it—would have received some measure of support. Alas! it secured very little from the public!

BUT although, as I have suggested, the balance is held fairly between town and country by the author, I think the sympathies of most people will be with the country folk. Manchester is the city in this play which, like an octopus, stretches out its tentacles to take what it wants, and through one of those tentacles it sucks up Westmorland water for the use of Manchester mouths.

HOW this doubtlessly necessary action—quite as necessary as the scheme now in progress to ruin the beauty of the Lakes with 70-foot lattice towers to carry an electric cable!—reacts upon the dalesmen born and bred is shown in this play, which, with one startling exception, was well played, but a good cast, including Norman McKinnel, Nancy Price, Jessie Tandy—a most promising *ingénue*—Robert Harris, H. O. Nicholson and Nadine March, though they made the story live could not make the public alive to the fact. A safer card for a dramatist to play in order to score a success is evidently a theme with something more *vital* in it, where, for instance, the heroine undresses on the stage! No one undressed at the Little Theatre. A sad error in judgment!

A Fine American Play

THINGS being somewhat slack in the theatrical world, I lately seized the opportunity of going to a theatre where the prices are much higher than those that rule in the West End, and where even dramatic critics have to pay for their accommodation! It was while lying in bed after the performance, in which I understand I took a principal part, that I read *Street Scene*, a play in three acts by Elmer L. Rice (Samuel French).

Street Scene is the outstanding success of the New York season. *Street Scene* is the Pulitzer Prize Play of 1929. *Street Scene* was published in book form in March last; it was reprinted in April; it was again reprinted in May, and I believe it is still selling there as quickly as real whisky at a cost of eight shillings and fourpence a copy. What surprises me is that in spite of its popularity *Street Scene* is a very fine play!

I DON'T want to be rude to American authors or American audiences, but the plays they write and the plays they like, to put it mildly, vary in artistic merit. When popular American plays *are* bad they are very, very bad, but when they are good they sometimes are extraordinarily good. I consider *Street Scene* extraordinarily good.

IN the three acts of *Street Scene* there is but one setting—the exterior of a "walk-up" apartment-house in a mean quarter in New York. The

DRAWING ROOM

By VERNON WOODHOUSE

dramatist never takes us inside. Occasionally we see occupants of the tenements at their windows, but, thanks to the author's cleverness, the lives of those who live within are vividly brought home to us by scraps of conversation and meetings taking place as the tenants enter and leave the house.

SLOWLY but surely out of this welter of characters we begin to surmise who will be implicated in the tragedy which looms ahead. There is no surprise, no trick. But our interest is sustained to the end. At least, my interest was, despite the fact that the play, owing to the multiplicity of characters, makes heavy weather to read.

I believe that, well produced and well acted, *Street Scene* would be not only a success but an artistic success over here. Which English manager is going to have a shot at it?

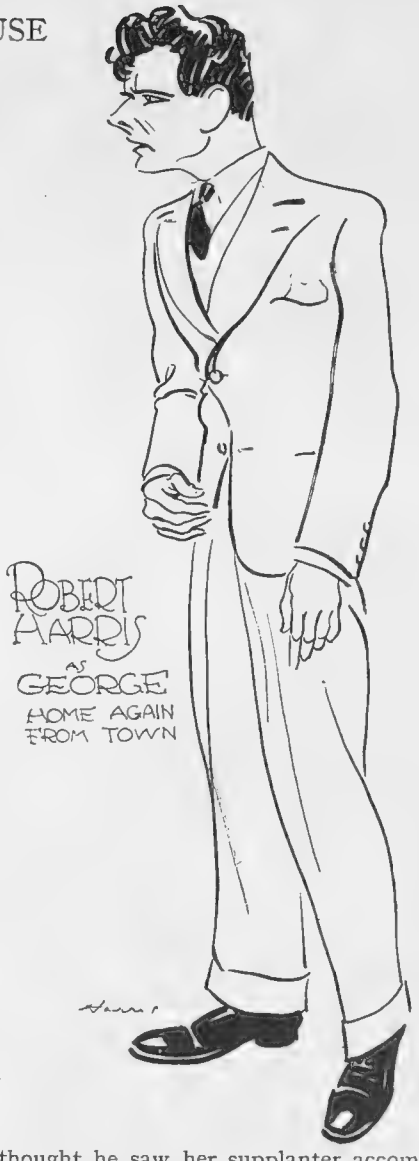
"The First Mrs. Fraser," at the Haymarket

IT was only lately that Sybil Thorndike was reminding us by reviving *Jane Clegg* that we possess a home-made dramatist who counts. That play, as does *John Ferguson*, showed St. John Ervine in truthful but gloomy mood. In his latest comedy, *The First Mrs. Fraser*, produced at the Haymarket Theatre last week, he shows us that he can be gay—and equally truthful.

IT is one's fate when watching many comedies to be amused, but at the back of one's mind to feel that amusement is bought at the sacrifice of truth.

St. John Ervine's story is of a middle-aged man who, in the search for youth, makes his wife divorce him in order that he may marry a most unpleasant modern girl, but who returns to wife No. 1 when the modern maiden tires of him and has her eye on a titled half-wit whom she is sure will make her an admirable *mari complaisant*. Wife No. 1 discovers her successor having an intrigue with a professional dancer, and so paves the way to a second marriage with her James, to whom she is still deeply attached. In this story every scene and every speech appear as natural and inevitable as may be. Even the clever twist which provides a perfect curtain to the second act, and one which only a born dramatist could have invented, is, when revealed, not only theatrically effective, but absolutely true to character.

WHAT is that twist? Wife No. 1 is informed by a friend that he thought he saw her supplanter accompanied by a professional dancer spending the night together at a country inn. He is, however, not certain, but, given the opportunity of another glance, he promises to confirm—or otherwise—his suspicions by sending in a note when wife No. 1 and No. 2 are fighting with the gloves off.



THE note arrives and is read, and at once wife No. 1 takes action. She extorts a confession from No. 2, and forthwith forces her to fix up an elopement with the titled half-wit—a course of action which will give the husband freedom—and it is only at the end of the act that we learn what was written on that scrap of paper. "I am not sure" was the message!

MARIE TEMPEST as the first Mrs. Fraser is at her very, very best, which means that there is no actress on the stage who could better this performance. Henry Ainley—happily restored to health—gives an undercurrent of character to the husband which most actors might have missed. My only regret is that his beautiful voice was compelled to adopt a Scottish accent.

V. W.

A SAFEGUARDING MEASURE

BY G. S. SHERWOOD

LIBRARY MANAGER (*to subscriber*): "Yes, madam, we certainly have a few copies of 'The Flaming Heart,' but as it appears likely to come under the official ban we have decided not to put them on our shelves"

Are DRAMATIC CRITICS too FIERCE?

By HANNEN SWAFFER

"It is a plot to keep me out of London," screamed a so-called actress who, quite recently, was most cruelly spoken of by nearly all the critics.

Poor girl, she did not know that, directly she came on the stage, people turned to each other and said, "Why does she grin like that?" and it was obvious that money had been put up by somebody so that she could appear.

ROBERT LORAINE has just had a war with the critics. Cochran once threatened to keep them out of his revue first-nights for ever, but soon changed his mind. His trouble began when he staged, in *Mayfair and Montmartre*, a sketch in which the critics were shown at a bar discussing what they were going to write.

Now, don't you believe this. Few of the critics speak to each other—they just nod.

THE most friendly pair I know are W. A. Darlington, of the *Daily Telegraph*, and Charles Morgan, of *The Times*. Often these two arrive and leave together, the latter sometimes in a long cloak and wearing an earnest expression that reminds me of the phrase, "Seated one day at the Morgan, I was troubled and ill at ease."

Alan Parsons and I avoid fierceness by walking about at the back together. The placidity of our mien proves that we seldom discuss the play. When Gordon Beckles was sneering at the critics in the *Weekly Dispatch* about two years ago he accused Parsons and myself of walking about "looking mental." The phrase stuck. Unless Parsons and I can now "do mental," as we call it, at the back we never want to go. The Apollo and the Garrick are our favourite "mental" theatres; they have convenient promenades.

THE idea that critics discuss the play with each other, nervous lest they should disagree, is a lot of nonsense. Speaking for myself, if I find the other critics agreeing with me I begin to tremble lest I may be wrong. I have usually found I was absolutely alone in my opinion.

THE idea that criticism is too fierce has arisen recently because certain of the baby-boy critics, most of whom write in Sunday papers, now go out of their way to be as ferocious as they dare, this after they have read the morning papers; they merely follow up in an exaggerated form what the more experienced critics have said.

Scarcely any of them would venture to express next morning his own virgin opinion. Indeed, I have known more than one of them write in Sunday prints exactly the opposite of what he has said directly the curtain fell. Sometimes I have deliberately set myself out to alter the opinion of one of these critics before his Sunday stuff appeared. Although he has not known it, his opinion has been mine in the end.

By Autori

A GREAT SINGER'S IMPRESSION OF SWAFFER

Autori, the bass lead at Covent Garden, gives us here an artist's idea of a critic

RECENTLY, some Sunday dramatic criticism has become a series of stunts, so much so that I read, not long ago in a Sunday paper, an article which referred to *Thunder in the Air* as "this over-praised play," whereas all the time there was printed on a board outside the Duke of York's Theatre a quotation from this same critic's first opinion, "No praise can be too high for this play." Both were signed by his name!

CRITICS only consider criticism too fierce when it is a matter of their own plays. When poor Basil Macdonald Hastings started being critic for the *Daily Express* his first job was to go down to Brixton to see St. John Ervine's comedy, *Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary*, and yet, the next morning, he found himself in trouble with the author, himself a critic.

I did not speak to James Agate for months after I criticised his play *Blessed are the Rich*. When I started to talk to him again he explained that he did not write it himself, but that somebody else dramatised it from his book.

Sydney Carroll, himself a fierce critic, used to look at me with pained eyes after I saw his play *Easy Money*, and then wrote what I thought.

THE fairest author I remember was Alfred Sutro, who wrote complaining of my notice of his last play and then, a few days afterwards, sent another letter withdrawing his complaint, saying he was forced to the conclusion that I was right. His play ran only a week, and he said that he felt like the character in *Journey's End* who remarked, "I wish it was on the fleas."

ONLY once has a proprietor thought I was too fierce. That was when, after Basil Macdonald Hastings had sloshed *Mercenary Mary* in the *Daily Express*, Peggy O'Neil, or the management, or somebody, screamed to Lord Beaverbrook for justice, or mercy, or whatever you call it. Beaverbrook,

SOME CAUSTIC CRITICISMS

Sasha

ROBERT LORAINE AND THE CRITICS

Robert Loraine, who recently retorted to Hubert Griffith's criticism of "This Thing called Love," in which play he is seen above, by criticising the latter's play, "Red Sunday," in the Press. Unlike some professional critics, he was constructive rather than destructive in his comments

who saw the play himself, went to the length of replying on the front page of the *Sunday Express* to my critical article, printed on another page.

The story went round, of course, that Beaverbrook was very angry with me. The truth is that, with his usual courtesy, Beaverbrook had called me up, had the article read to me, asked me what I thought of it, and been told in my own words, "Fine; it's a good piece of journalism." So it was.

PROBABLY St. John Ervine's fiercest criticism was when he went to a Stoll revue at Covent Garden, one called *You'd Be Surprised,* and then, after stating that he believed George Robey's salary was £600 a week, merely remarked that you'd be surprised to hear it.

Walkley's most cynical notice was merely the printing of the title of a play, one something like *What a Night!* and merely adding the word "Quite." It was the shortest notice on record.

Sydney Carroll's most bitter notice was one in which he accused Ethel Irving, in *The Three Daughters of Monsieur Dupont,* of "biting her toe nails." This led to an unfortunate lawsuit, which was settled in the courts after long arguments.

IVOR NOVELLO wrote me, after my criticism of *Lilliom,* which I thought disgraceful, a long letter saying that my criticism read more like the savage attack of a fiend than a criticism. Yet he was easily mollified when I printed a few lines from his letter, and he wrote in a most charming way—perfectly peaceful again.

Noel Coward once thought I had such a grudge against him that he told the management he could not act in *The Second Man* if I were in the theatre. He accuses me of fierceness. He forgets my eulogy of his acting in *The Constant Nymph,* and he does not know that it is only some of his work which annoys me like that, and he does not remember that when his play, *This Was a Man,* banned here, was acted in New York, Alan Dale's notice was as brutal as anything I have ever written in England.

Poor Channing Pollock, who is really a friend of mine, stays away from London now because I jeered at his play, *The Fool,* and was bitter about his other play, *The Enemy.*

Gladys Cooper says I am too personal.

NOW the plain truth about dramatic criticism is that, a century ago, it was much fiercer than it is to-day. Bronson Albery, who is himself sometimes disturbed by criticisms, has shown me old cuttings proving that actors were worse treated in the old days than they are to-day.

My arrival as a critic on the *Daily Sketch* started the new school of frankness. Things were very namby-pamby, as a rule, before then, although Scott's slashing attacks on Ibsen and several other great authors will long be remembered. I am afraid Scott was usually fierce towards the wrong people.

MANAGERS do not understand that certain flamboyancies on their part annoy the critics before they arrive. A play like *Marigold* gets good notices because it is modestly staged, unheralded. The little plays that creep in are kindly treated, but when the drum is beaten for weeks before a production, you cannot avoid going in a critical mood.

THE critics go just in the same way that the audience goes, and, between them, they represent almost completely the audience's point of view.

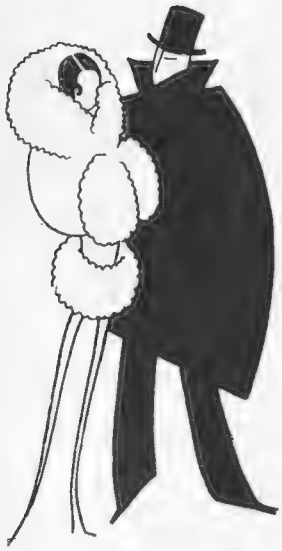
Usually when an actor or an author dies, I turn up the cuttings about him so that I can write his obituary. I am staggered at my next morning's toleration concerning his work. It makes me have a great contempt for my own qualities of mercy and cowardice.

"We must draw his claws," wrote Arthur Bourchier to me once of Sydney Carroll. Poor Arthur! He did not know that Sydney Carroll was almost the last survivor of this country's lovers of the theatre.

Why, he still goes to the theatre although he is not paid. What love could be greater than that? H. S.

BY HYNES

HE: *"Who was that red-haired woman who has been chasing me round all the evening?"*
SHE: *"I didn't notice her, but it sounds remarkably like my mater baby-snatching again"*



IF GOSSIP WE

THE Dissolution Honours List is an exiguous and surprising affair. It is very small, but I would not go so far as to echo the words of George Robey's song, "What *was* there was *good*." The omissions are surprising, and so is the peerage for Sir Hamar Greenwood, who, worthy man though he is, is a Liberal, and has been out of political activity for a long time. Sir Alfred Butt gets his baronetcy and is likely to have founded a dynasty, for there is a young Butt, now an Oxford undergraduate, to inherit it. Having given so much service to his party Sir Alfred gave a party, or, perhaps, we might call it a "Bart-y" at the May Fair on his own account, to celebrate various triumphs. He cannot have looked at "The New Moon" through opera-glasses, or he would never have had so lucky a year.

MR. BALDWIN'S parting gesture has thus been inexplicable. Has there ever before been a Premier who has sent a political opponent, even though not a very fierce one, to the House of Lords? Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's Dissolution Honours may be a long way off, but when they do come I will bet my blue hat that not a Tory or a Liberal will get so much as an O.B.E. There is plenty of cheek about the Labour Party, but they do not turn the other one.

By Hynes

"Is she a distant relation of yours?"
"Yes. Why?"
"I thought she had a far-away look in her eyes!"

Raphael

Jean Bamberger, the clever young acrobatic dancer who is appearing in "Wake Up and Dream." Although only fifteen years of age, she is understudying Laurie Devine

IT is this sloppy idealism, this namby-pamby echo of the Sunday School, that has sent a great political party into the wilderness and given a tense and fanatical group of Socialists, who will show their teeth and start turning things topsy-turvy the moment they can, the opportunity they have been waiting for and working for for years. If there is consternation and a desire for self-analysis in the ranks of the Tories (much too late, of course) THE BYSTANDER can pat itself on the back for having for many months past pointed out one of the faults of the Conservative policy, and that not the least important one. "Jix," now rewarded with a peerage for having had a hand in making Conservatism damned and England damned dull, we have criticised week after week for his pig-headed Puritanism. The Conservatives lost by a very narrow margin. I am convinced that the corner would have been turned, and they would be in power to-day had the Central Office chucked "Dora" entirely, proclaimed the Tory Party as essentially the cheery party, and left half-hearted dabbling in pink Socialism to those whose business—save the mark!—it unfortunately happens to be.

WHILST Mr. Baldwin was on the job it is a thousand pities he did not get rid of Sir Laming Worthington-Evans at the same time—even at the cost of another viscounty. "Worthy," as he was called, whether as a compliment or otherwise I cannot say, easily held the record as the worst War Secretary within living memory. Surely he deserved a peerage for that!

MUST

THE little "Friendship," the sailing ship in the Thames near Waterloo Bridge, which I referred to last week as the scene of Sunday parties of the more bizarre type, excelled itself the other night on the occasion of the Watteau fancy dress affair. Why, when there are heaps of spacious and luxurious hotels, restaurants, private houses, studios, clubs, and so forth, in London, one should elect to dance and make merry in the not very roomy hold of a tiny retired wind-jammer I cannot quite understand, though I can well imagine what the various skippers and crews who sailed this ship in her active days would have said at the sight of some of the guests on this occasion. For, though there were men and women present, certain beings (and there were plenty of them) were, like Barrie's "Peter Pan" fairies, neither girls nor boys, but "just darling little things who did not know quite *what* they were."

AUGUSTUS JOHN, with pipe and beard, as a Watteau Chinaman (if there are such things) was, of course, aggressively male, thank heaven, and Charlie Cochran, as a Watteau theatrical manager, with a Watteau top-hat, a Watteau white waistcoat, and a 40 h.p. Watteau motor car on the Embankment, was also attractively unprecious. But with a few other exceptions the guests, it struck me, would have hailed with shrill delight any suggestion that the ship should weigh anchor and sail then and there for Capri. Unfortunately, since it is the custom to allude to a ship as "she," only a tiny minority would have ventured to handle her.

S'Ora, Paris

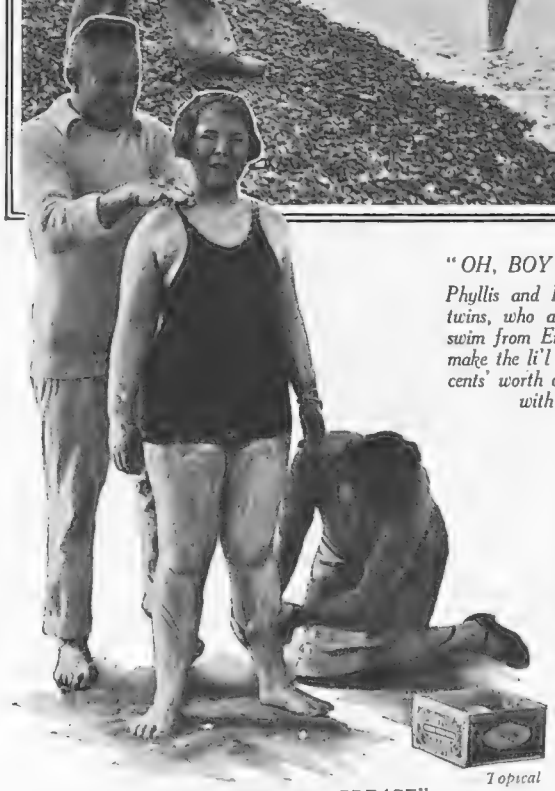
ARLETTY

The dainty little Parisienne who, having captured the hearts of her native city, is now making a successful assault on those of London. She is singing at the Café Anglais in Leicester Square, where she has scored a big success

Keystone

"OH, BOY! JEST PADDLIN' OVER!"

Phyllis and Berenice Eitenfield, the American twins, who are in training for their Channel swim from England to France. They hope to make the li'l ole English Channel look like two cents' worth of nothing before they are through with their self-appointed task



Topical

'THIS YEAR OF GREASE"

Joan Brunton, the eleven year old Dover girl, having the finishing touches in the form of a liberal supply of grease put to her aquatic make-up before swimming round the Goodwins. She covered ten miles in 3½ hours, which was some going

OUR dramatic critics are, for the most part, dreadfully severe nowadays. Some of the older ones are severe because they suffer from megalomania, and consider it beneath their dignity to be otherwise; the younger ones are severe because they *are* young, and youth is always like that when it criticises anything. But the net result of all this severity is that the theatre, at a time when it is being assaulted in plenty of other directions, is receiving blow after blow from those whose living to a large extent depends on it. No one expects the critics to act as puff-merchants (except one or two disgruntled actors and all the Press agents); but, except when the play is obviously and ludicrously rotten, it is quite possible to temper justice with mercy, to be analytical in a kindly, rather than a ruthless fashion. This constant and devastating slating of almost every play that is produced disheartens players and playwrights alike. Further (to come to brass and business-like tacks), it frightens away the capitalists, for without the much-despised "backer," very few plays would be produced at all.

THERE is one entertainment area, however, which the dramatic critics rarely, if ever, penetrate; if they do, they do not penetrate officially. I refer to the restaurants which run cabaret entertainments. These, frankly, I used to loathe, being of the opinion that meal-time was not the proper time to watch any

BABBLE AND BALLET

sort of show, with waiters temporarily unprocurable and the tepid mutton cutlet slowly congealing on the coldish plate. I have now quite altered my mind, largely because of the excellent way Rex Evans runs the unpretentious but essentially Bohemian entertainment at the Café Anglais. His songs (particularly that one about French revue) are true, and witty because they are true. The other night he introduced a French singer, Mlle. Arletty, whose voice and whose figure are alike tiny. But she gets there just the same.

Soso, whose restaurant at the corner of Cork Street, is now as much sought after as Sovrani's, t'other side of Piccadilly, tells me he is shortly launching a cabaret, somewhat on Chez Fysher lines.

As usual, the audience at the Russian Ballet this year is just as comic as the modern ballets, and not nearly as graceful or as interesting as the older ones. The contrast at Covent Garden between the folk who assembled on the first night of the ballet season proper (or, rather, improper) and the operatic enthusiasts was very striking. The young men who are fond of ballet have much louder voices—perhaps to make up for the lack of any voices at all on the stage—and scream at each other in a shrill and sibilant soprano. Many of them, in fact, resemble *prima donnas* rather closely, though they are less virile.

Of course, the Diaghileff troupe can, like Todgers, "do it well" when they like. Anything more ex-

Sasha

Mannequin displays are growing more and more popular at restaurants and dance clubs. Above are seen two mannequins at the Cafe de Paris who took part in the fashion show held there by Marguerite, of 9a, New Bond Street. The orchestra are the Blue Lyres, who play at the Café de Paris in the evenings

Mr. Cyril Maude, whose protracted illness has caused his many restored to health. He is seen out for a cruise on

GOOD SIR ALFRED

Sir Alfred Butt, the managing director of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, where foreign plays have been produced of late, has been made a Baronet.

TO good Sir Alfred let us raise
Our voices high in hymns of praise
And make the welkin ring again
Around the doors of Drury Lane,
That haven for the music play
(Provided it's from U.S.A.).
Whilst British playwrights stand before
The entrance to his Board Room door
And if they aren't too New Moon struck
Wish foreign plays the best of luck.

Though duds like Shakespeare have no play
At England's Theatre, I must say
Great dramatists like Hy. Q. Schmitt
Can fill the house from "gods" to pit
And fill its coffers, too, I feel,
With sobstuff, jazz and Sex Appeal.
So choking back our manly tears
We'll raise our voice in British cheers
And give a hearty "three-times-three"
For good Sir Alf and Rose Marie.

In each Bodega hearts are gay
And revelry holds sway to-day.
The pro.'s and agents lightly prance
In some Old English Totem Dance,
And till the doors are firmly shut
Raise stoups of stout to Alfred Butt.
Though England sometimes will forget
Her greatest men, how can she let
Sir Alfred be less than a Bart.?—
He's done so much for British Art!

B W

LABOUR AND LOCAL OPTION

Topical Press

friends on both sides of the footlights much anxiety, is now fully the Dart with his wife, his daughter and grandchildren

quisite than Danilova in "Aurora's Wedding," or the Handel-Beecham ballet I have rarely seen. Serge Lifar is as clever as paint, of course, but I prefer Woizikovsky, and I preferred him still more when I noticed that, on the fall of the curtain, he did not receive a single bouquet. Lifar smirked at his enthusiasts from beneath half a florist's shop, and the little band of clappers who, far up near the gallery, greeted every entrance and exit of Anton Dolin were equally annoying.

MR. DENNIS BRADLEY, spiritualist and sartorial expert—in fact, a "be-spook" tailor—tells me that he has no intention whatever of sending his play *Sybanter*, recently produced at the Arts Theatre, on a provincial tour. He has already refused two or three definite offers for immediate production in the West End, and I think he is wise, for the holiday exodus is approaching. Mr. Lionel Barton, of the Arts Theatre, possesses the rights of the play, which is a good one, and he is presenting it in the West End in the autumn.

AT the conclusion of the new cabaret show, "La Revue de la Dance," at Prince's the other night, an informal entertainment took place, when several of the guests who are well known on *—and* off—the stage were asked if they would keep the ball rolling. Theatrical folk are notoriously generous with their services, and several of them, including Peggy O'Neil and Anne Penn, left their supper tables to do their little piece, but I can't help feeling it is a pity that only members of "the" Profession were called out. Why not get any tailor in the audience to give free fittings, or an income-tax assessor, if any of them unbend sufficiently to shimmy and shake in their own shoes apart from making us shake in ours, to get busy assessing the guests and serving out Final Notices scot-free and for nothing?

By CHICOT

"Why did you leave your last place?"
"It was too dull for me. They were living within their income!"

By JACK GREENALL

"Am I the first girl you've ever kissed?"
"As a matter of tact, yes!"

THE King's Speech at the opening of Parliament includes a promise to "investigate the whole field of legislation relating to the sale and supply of intoxicating liquor." Precisely what form this investigation will take remains to be seen. It may be all right, but if it results in a further curtailment of the hours of consumption or an increase in the price of beer the British workman is not likely to go wild with joy at the action of the party he was instrumental in placing in power. George Whitelaw, the artist whose work frequently appears in our pages, hails from Scotland, and, like most of his countrymen who cross the Border, announces his intention of remaining here for good and all. He relates with sorrow that his home town Kirkintilloch adopted local option, with the result that directly Jock gets his wages he goes somewhere else to spend it. The town to-day, instead of being prosperous as of yore, is seedy, and tradesmen are nearly bankrupt. It is an object lesson for all, and even Mr. Scrymgeour should sit up and take notice. But faddists never do!

FILM NOTES

A Ufa Flamboyant Romance

By LADY ELEANOR SMITH

John Boles as Pierre and Carlotta King as Margot in a scene from "The Desert Song," the striking Warner Brothers Vitaphone singing picture I. will be shown at the Regal Cinema, Marble Arch, for a season starting next Saturday, July 13

"The Wonderful Lie"

THE talking film is entering into a critical period of its history. In order to satisfy the huge demand for this new sensation, talkies are now being fabricated with a speed and carelessness which do their sponsors little credit. Third-rate productions, full of bad, murky photography, inane dialogue, and weak, stupid stories, are in the process of being thrust down our throats, and although such pictures as "The Doctor's Secret" and "On Trial" led us to expect in the future great things of the talking-film, such dreary, trashy efforts as "Speakeasy" and "Syncopation" are doing the industry irreparable harm. An intelligent and promising infant is being forced, and its crude precocity is quite likely to ruin any chances of future success.

THEN along comes a silent film which is being shown modestly at the Hippodrome, and which made its debut unaided by midnight revels in gilded cinema palaces, or by champagne suppers, or by the presence of half of London's musical comedy stage. This same silent film is now proving to the world in general that as an artistic effort it reaches heights of subtlety and brilliance quite undreamed of by the most vaunted director of American talkies.

"The Desert Song," the singing "talkie" film of the popular musical comedy of that name, which preceded "The New Moon" at Drury Lane, is a remarkably fine production; a striking feature being the "shots" of desert scenery, which are exceptionally artistic. All the popular song hits are retained in the "talkie" version of "The Desert Song"

THIS film, "The Wonderful Lie," a Ufa production from Germany, is incidentally the very reverse of what is usually known as "highbrow." It is a glittering romantic tale of life in Imperial Russia, but its St. Petersburg, gay and sophisticated, yet melancholy and brooding, is very far removed from the sham wedding-cake St. Petersburg of "The Red Dancer" and other American films.

NINA PETROVNA is an expensive courtesan, the mistress of a wealthy Colonel, who supplies her with jewels and flowers and a luxurious flat. She lies to him frequently; but perhaps because she is very young and he is elderly, the Colonel pretends even to himself that he believes in her. One night at a café, where she is supping with her lover, Nina sees a smart and youthful lieutenant, to whom she is instantly attracted, and with whom she at once exchanges those secret smiles at which she is an adept. The Colonel observes these manœuvres, and Nina lies once more.

"That young man is a childhood friend," she says glibly; "we used to make mud-pies together."

This time the Colonel determines to shame her by bringing the youth to her table and slyly alluding to these juvenile adventures of her imagination, but he does not notice that when she says good-night to the lieutenant she slips her latchkey into his hand.

IN the morning her picnic-breakfast with the young man is disturbed by her lover, who refuses to believe that, although they have spent the night together in her flat, their relations have been entirely innocent and that the dashing lieutenant is, in fact, a young and ignorant boy.

NINA, infuriated—for she is speaking the truth at last—leaves the

Colonel and the rich flat for love in an attic with the youth. She loves him, and she does not mind poverty. Poverty, however, has a way of refusing to be ignored, and Nina is not very expert at peeling potatoes, nor is she able to think of any way in which she can manage to pay their gas bill. Then the lieutenant, who has first learned to love her in all the glories of her pearls and ermine, is horrified to observe that her stockings are darned and her shoes shabby.

SOMETHING must clearly be done, and he rushes off to his mess to try to make some money in a poker game. He is lucky, but instead of leaving with his winnings he stays on playing all through the night, and his party is presently joined by that Colonel who was once Nina's lover. The play gets higher, and still the young lieutenant wins. And then, when all the officers but himself are drunk, the Colonel notices that the boy has been cheating.

HE forces a written confession from him and sends for Nina. He is calm, polite, but extremely firm. If she will come back to him he will tear up the confession. If not, he will ruin her young lover. Nina does not hesitate.

"I give you my word of honour," says she to the Colonel, "that to-night I will be waiting for you in the flat."

The Colonel, enchanted, buys a heap of roses for his mistress and hastens to the apartment, where he finds her lying on her sofa. She is dead. She has poisoned herself rather than return to him, and she has told him her last lie.

THIS flamboyant, romantic story has been transformed by Erich Pommer into a film of exquisite and moving beauty. Its inspired photography, with its lights and shades and sombre groupings, is a thing of enchantment; its direction is brilliant and sardonic and swift-moving, and it is acted in just the right mood of grave sincerity by its three principal players.

WARWICK WARD, the English actor, gives a splendid performance as the rich, cynical Colonel who secretly longs to believe that his mistress is telling him the truth, while Franz Lederer, as the lieutenant, contrives to be youthful and unsophisticated without once being coy, something of a triumph.

THE film, however, is Brigitte Helm's from first to last. This young girl, undoubtedly one of the most interesting actresses upon the screen to-day, can somehow suggest, by a glance, a smile, a swift movement of the head, extraordinary extremes either of virginal innocence or of subtle and almost terrifying depravity. She has the most expressive gestures in the world, and Pommer, concentrating upon this odd power of suggesting character by movement, has succeeded better than any other director in exploiting Miss Helm's strange, intriguing, and subtle personality. The combination, however, of Pommer and Brigitte Helm is one that must be seen again, and in the meantime no film fan can afford to miss visiting the Hippodrome this week.

E. S.

One of the artistic Eastern settings which do so much to make the "talkie" version of "The Desert Song" so successful. In the foreground, John Boles, who plays The Red Shadow, is seen with an Arab chief

Photographs of "The Wonderful Lie," the silent film at the London Hippodrome, reviewed by Lady Eleanor Smith, appeared in last week's Bystander.

ORIGINAL NO-TRUMPERS

By "ACES EASY"

A BRILLIANT player of my acquaintance, over whose hand I was looking at the club recently, went an original no trump on Spades—Q, 4, 2; Hearts—A, 4, 3; Diamonds—A, K, 10, 2; Clubs—10, 6, 5. He was left in and made one no trump. A couple of rubbers later he and I cut together, and, as dealer, he bid one diamond. I improved to a no trumper on Spades—Q, 10, 2; Hearts—J, 10, 4, 2; Diamonds—10, 9, 3; Clubs—K, 6, 4. He put down the following hand: Spades—A, J, 10; Hearts—K, Q, 5; Diamonds—A, K, Q, 4, 2; Clubs—Q, 5!

❋

As we walked home together he said to me: "Aces, old boy, what did you think of that no trumper of mine when I was playing with old Ma Ladybird?" I said to him, "Rotten." He said to me: "What would you have called on my cards?" I said: "One diamond." Yes," he said, "and they would have gone spades and made four! You see, I was playing personalities—not bridge!"

By CHICOT

HE: "I've been knocked off everything. My doctor tells me I can't even play Bridge"

SHE: "I've told you the same thing, darling, ever since I married you"

HE then outlined his system of play in a phrase so trenchant, so true, that I give it verbatim: "When playing with duds call no trumps as often as you can; it gives them four chances to help you instead of one. When playing with experts, bid no trumps as seldom as you can."

❋

THE theory underlying this apparently astounding dictum is this: When you can trust your partner you can bid four-card suits freely, sure you will be denied where necessary; likewise your opponents will bid over a suit call every time, but the defence to a no trumper is to pass. Consequently you are warned in time of any danger—and to a no trumper they are legion. Consider this hand, which, as a no trumper, lost a small slam: Spades—A, K, Q, 2; Hearts—K, 9; Diamonds—K, Q, J, 10; Clubs—Q, 10, 3! As a spade call, the hand was good for the game!

❋

AN interesting sidelight on this hand is the fact that it was faced with a "bust" with five cards to the jack in spades. "Too weak to take out"—and lose a small slam. "So weak you must take out" and win the game. R. F. Foster, in his latest book, states that the most brilliant card player in the U.S.A., Sydney Lenz, has lost four small slams on no-trumpers within a comparatively short time! As but few have reached the exalted standard of play achieved by Mr. Lenz, it becomes more and more incumbent upon no-trumpers' partners to take out no trumpers when holding the cards (any five of a major suit from strength or weakness; any five of a minor suit from weakness only) to justify the denial.

❋

FURTHERMORE it is the bounden duty of British players to adopt the "approach" bid when there is a weak spot in the no-trumper and resign the hand to a suit call, a defence, or a secondary no-trumper, save when holding fat cards.

❋

IN an interesting text-book I saw the following hands described as "sound" no-trumpers.

(i) *S*—6, 3; *H*—A, Q, 2; *D*—K, J, 9, 7, 5, 4; *C*—K, 9.

(ii) *S*—A, Q, 10, 4; *H*—K, J, 4; *D*—2; *C*—A, 10, 9, 8, 3.

(iii) *S*—A, K, 9, 4; *H*—A, 10, 7, 6; *D*—Q; *C*—K, 10, 8, 7.

(iv) *S*—K, 7, 5; *H*—6; *D*—A, Q, 10, 7, 5, 4; *C*—A, 10, 3.

The calls should be: (i) One diamond; (ii) one spade with a switch to clubs; (iii) one spade with a switch to hearts; (iv) one diamond with a rebid. If partner goes the weak suit, then—and then only—go no trumps.

Bystander Bridge Competition—No. III.

I.

(a) Rubber Game. Love all. South deals and holds: *S*—A; *H*—A, 4; *D*—A, 5; *C*—K, Q, J, 10, 9, 8, 6, 3. What should he bid?

(b) Rubber Game: North-South 24; East-West 0; South deals and passes; West and North pass. East holds: *S*—K, 4; *H*—K, J; *D*—A, K, 2; *C*—A, K, Q, 10, 4, 2. What should he bid?

(c) Love all: South deals and calls Three Spades, West holds: *S*—2; *H*—K, Q, 10, 3, 2; *D*—A, K, Q, 5, 4; *C*—K, 10. What should he bid?

(d) Rubber Game: 28 all. South deals and bids a Club; West, one Spade; North, five Clubs; East holds: *S*—9, 6, 4, 2; *H*—A, K, Q, 10, 5, 3; *D*—K, J, 9; *C*—3. What should East call?

II.

	North *S*—9, 7, 6. *H*—K, 10, 3. *D*—K, 10, 7, 4. *C*—7, 4, 2.	
S—A, J, 2. *H*—J, 4, 2. *D*—9, 3. *C*—A, 10, 9, 5, 3.	West	East *S*—Q, 10, 5, 4. *H*—9, 7, 6. *D*—8, 6, 5. *C*—K, Q, 8.
	South. *S*—K, 8, 3. *H*—A, Q, 8, 5. *D*—A, Q, J, 2. *C*—J, 6.	

South calls one no trump: all pass. How should the hand be played by all four players?

NOTE ON THE BIDDING: With his black weakness, South should have bid an "approaching" heart. If North denies with Clubs, South goes no trumps. If with anything else, South leaves him in.

COMPETITION RULES.

1.—Every entry must be accompanied by the coupon appearing at the bottom of this page. There is no limit to the number of solutions which may be submitted by any one competitor, provided that each entry is accompanied by a coupon.

2.—To each bidding query one unqualified answer—and one answer only—must be submitted.

3.—To the second part, the solution should be set out in four columns thus:

W.	N.	E.	S.
D—3	*D*—2	*D*—6	*D*—K

The card winning the trick should be underscored; the card immediately below the underlined card is deemed to be led to the following trick.

4.—All solutions, addressed to: Bridge Competition, "Bystander," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2, must reach this office by Friday, July 19. The answers and awards will be published as soon as feasible.

5.—The first prize of £5 5s. will be awarded to the solution having the greatest number of marks. In the event of a tie it will be awarded to the first solution opened, but no entry will be opened before the closing date. Six Consolation Prizes of Two Packs of special "Bystander" Linette Cards will be awarded to the nearest, or tying, entries. Five marks are awarded for each bidding query; twenty for Part II.

6.—The decision of the Card Editor (who will be pleased to answer any questions on Bridge) is final.

BYSTANDER COUPON—III.

Cut this out.

July 10/29

BY LAURIE TAYLER

THE BRONZE AGE

How to T

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

ELL-A-VISION

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE SURGEON'S KNIFE

By DOROTHY BUCK

Illustrated by F. S. May

A story of the exotic vice that flourishes in the tropics, and what came of an opium addict's neglect of her responsibilities. Indo-China is still but little known to Europeans, and in this story Miss Dorothy Buck has captured the throbbing, sensual atmosphere of its life most vividly.

A WHITE vapour rose from the earth as the three men came out of the Isolation Hospital, and the sweet and rotting odour of Indo-China was wafted to their nostrils . . . the damp, rich smell of wet earth and flowers and dust and spices, with one faint, redeeming tang—that of the salt sea. The Frenchman in naval uniform inhaled it gladly. Salt has a preservative quality—even of the soul. But the other two men were looking at the Reverend Mother and at the little nun who stood behind her.

The Reverend Mother had a yellow, wedge-shaped face in which no trace of beauty remained, if any there had been. But her eyes smote on the consciousness even of such men as the Docteur Lamartine, and Hartwell, the English banker. They were black and lustreless, as though a film had crept over them, set in bruised hollows. It was as though this woman wept inwardly and never ceased to weep. Beside the unutterable mournfulness of this face that of the little sister in the black robes seemed almost gay—and yet it, too, was sad enough, so small, so white, so young and uncomprehending—as though it said: "Why am I here?" And the sight of these two faces seemed to depress the three not very sensitive men, for as the car took them back to Saigon they exchanged no word. It was the sight of a Saigon beauty leaning back against the cushions of her car as it slid down the Rue Catinat that moved the Englishman to speak.

MADAME DE SAINT-YVES, whose lips seemed to have been cut out of a red camellia, so sharp and hard and bright were they, leaned forward and nodded to them. A deliberate devil gleamed from her brilliant eyes and the scent of chypre—why is it always the favourite perfume of the courtesan, whether actual or potential?—struggled with the hot, thick odours of the street and for the moment won. "What a contrast!" muttered the Englishman.

The doctor, a tired-looking, pallid man, turned eyes of weary intelligence on him, as if he, too, saw the last woman on whom their eyes had rested, in his mind's eye.

"Yes," he said, "it is very curious, is it not? Sin leaves a far deeper impress on the soul than vice. (Forgive these arbitrary terms!) Or rather, sin becomes a corporate part of the soul, it is fluid, it seeps into every mental vein . . . and vice is an extraneous fungoid growth, like elephantiasis. An operation is all that is necessary to restore the soul to health. Sin is often incurable, but to rid a person of the worst vice—all that is wanted is the surgeon's knife."

"I disagree," said the Englishman. "Some of the most hateful acts I have ever known were committed by a cocaine fiend—not when he was under the influence of the drug. It warped and changed his entire character. He had been one of the kindest men in the world. He became a devil incarnate."

"But you miss my point," said the doctor irritably. "The point is that had that moral operation of which I told you been performed this man would have been restored to health—the very quality of his soul would reappear, unchanged. Whereas the lovely Madame de Saint-Yves, for instance, is incurable and inoperable!"

"What is wrong with her?" said Commandant de Fréville, with a slightly cynical interest.

"Merely pernicious anæmia of the heart . . . and the soul . . . and everything except the senses. Yet she has never deceived her husband . . . *or* made him happy. You see, she is unique as a Saigonnaise. Nevertheless, I personally should prefer to be hung than live with her. A woman I once knew, a confirmed opium-smoker, was infinitely preferable. She at least was operable."

"Illustrate your theory, doctor," said Hartwell lazily, scenting a story. The dry little doctor smiled oddly and made a deprecatory gesture of the hand.

"To-night, my friends, if you will! I think we are all dining with the Duquesnes? After dinner, then, if we have the opportunity, and we find nothing more amusing to talk about——"

The Docteur Lamartine has spent half his life, and all his manhood, in Indo-China. Like most men who have lived for twenty years in Saigon, he had no illusions and few ideals. But he was the usual cynic with a kind heart and a keen insight into humanity. His stories were usually interesting, though frequently depressing. It was certainly improbable that the Duquesnes would offer more interesting food for discussion.

They were a family of rich bourgeois who entertained a good deal but kept themselves aloof from the more frivolous side of Saigon life. It was a mystery to many how they managed to preserve the impeccable *mœurs* of the French provinces in the midst of a city which sensational writers like to describe, with more truth than originality, as a modern Sodom. But even their tall white house had a cloistered air, hidden in the midst of a tree-set compound, defended, from the rank atmosphere of the street by a surrounding wall and a barred gate of iron kept eternally shut.

A neat *congai* opened the door when the three men arrived, a *congai* in dull black satin, with virtuous downcast eyes and black hair, draped in bands that looked like lengths of watered ribbon, around her lemon-coloured, expressionless face. The house was handsome but sombre, the walls hung with dark, rich silk shawls and rugs, the furniture mostly of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

MADAME DUQUESNE received her guests with geniality behind which there was a hint of reserve. She had no coquetry, like most French provincials, her large face was innocent of powder, her figure had been unashamedly allowed to run to seed. A delicate hand and an unusually small foot gave hints that in her youth she might have had some grace. Now she was large and motherly, pale with a tropic pallor that was yet not unwholesome. Her hair was done very simply and was fast greying, and her good and smiling countenance was lit by large dark eyes, bright enough, but surrounded by innumerable tiny lines. She was the perfect *maîtresse de maison*, anxious only for her guests' comfort, and hardly entering into the conversation at all.

Her daughter Thérèse, dark, slim and beautiful, was yet equally *banale*—more so even than the correctness of the *jeune fille à marier* demanded. As for the père Duquesne, he was a cheerful little man with a fund of inane conversation. De Fréville, who had been asked with an eye to the future of Mademoiselle Duquesne, was frankly bored. Hartwell, who had business affairs with the master of the house, was inwardly wondering when it would be polite to take leave. The doctor alone seemed to be quietly enjoying the excellent food served by a clever little Annamite butler,

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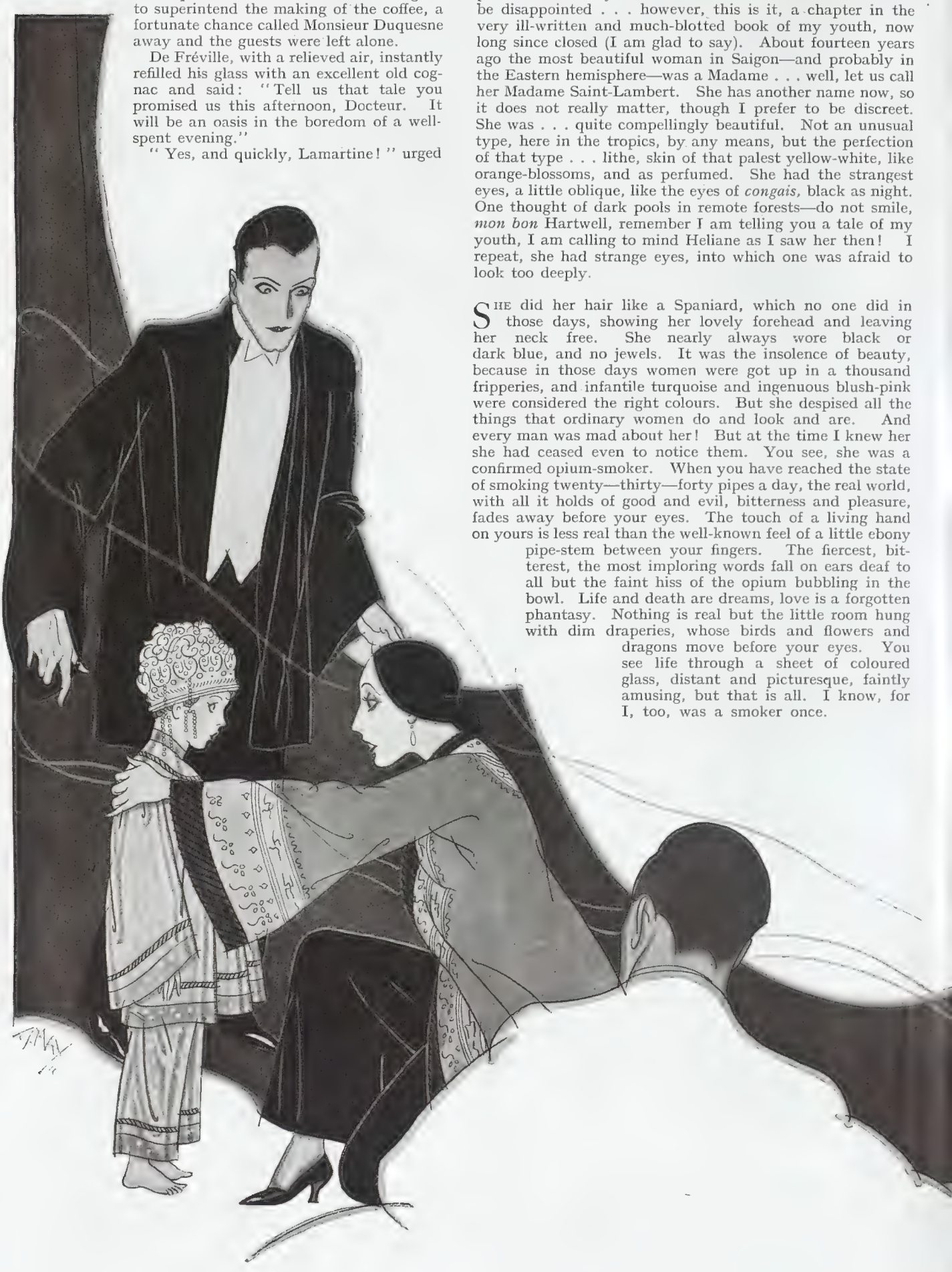
and in no way bored by the banality of his surroundings. And after dinner, when the ladies, following the English custom, which Saigon considered it smart to adopt, had left the men alone and gone to superintend the making of the coffee, a fortunate chance called Monsieur Duquesne away and the guests were left alone.

De Fréville, with a relieved air, instantly refilled his glass with an excellent old cognac and said: "Tell us that tale you promised us this afternoon, Docteur. It will be an oasis in the boredom of a well-spent evening."

"Yes, and quickly, Lamartine!" urged Hartwell. "I greatly fear that our host will not be detained for long. Tell us without prefaces."

"*Volontiers!*" smiled the little doctor. "Only I must point out that my tale has no dramatic climax. You will be disappointed . . . however, this is it, a chapter in the very ill-written and much-blotted book of my youth, now long since closed (I am glad to say). About fourteen years ago the most beautiful woman in Saigon—and probably in the Eastern hemisphere—was a Madame . . . well, let us call her Madame Saint-Lambert. She has another name now, so it does not really matter, though I prefer to be discreet. She was . . . quite compellingly beautiful. Not an unusual type, here in the tropics, by any means, but the perfection of that type . . . lithe, skin of that palest yellow-white, like orange-blossoms, and as perfumed. She had the strangest eyes, a little oblique, like the eyes of *congais*, black as night. One thought of dark pools in remote forests—do not smile, *mon bon* Hartwell, remember I am telling you a tale of my youth, I am calling to mind Heliane as I saw her then! I repeat, she had strange eyes, into which one was afraid to look too deeply.



She did her hair like a Spaniard, which no one did in those days, showing her lovely forehead and leaving her neck free. She nearly always wore black or dark blue, and no jewels. It was the insolence of beauty, because in those days women were got up in a thousand fripperies, and infantile turquoise and ingenuous blush-pink were considered the right colours. But she despised all the things that ordinary women do and look and are. And every man was mad about her! But at the time I knew her she had ceased even to notice them. You see, she was a confirmed opium-smoker. When you have reached the state of smoking twenty—thirty—forty pipes a day, the real world, with all it holds of good and evil, bitterness and pleasure, fades away before your eyes. The touch of a living hand on yours is less real than the well-known feel of a little ebony pipe-stem between your fingers. The fiercest, bitterest, the most imploring words fall on ears deaf to all but the faint hiss of the opium bubbling in the bowl. Life and death are dreams, love is a forgotten phantasy. Nothing is real but the little room hung with dim draperies, whose birds and flowers and dragons move before your eyes. You see life through a sheet of coloured glass, distant and picturesque, faintly amusing, but that is all. I know, for I, too, was a smoker once.

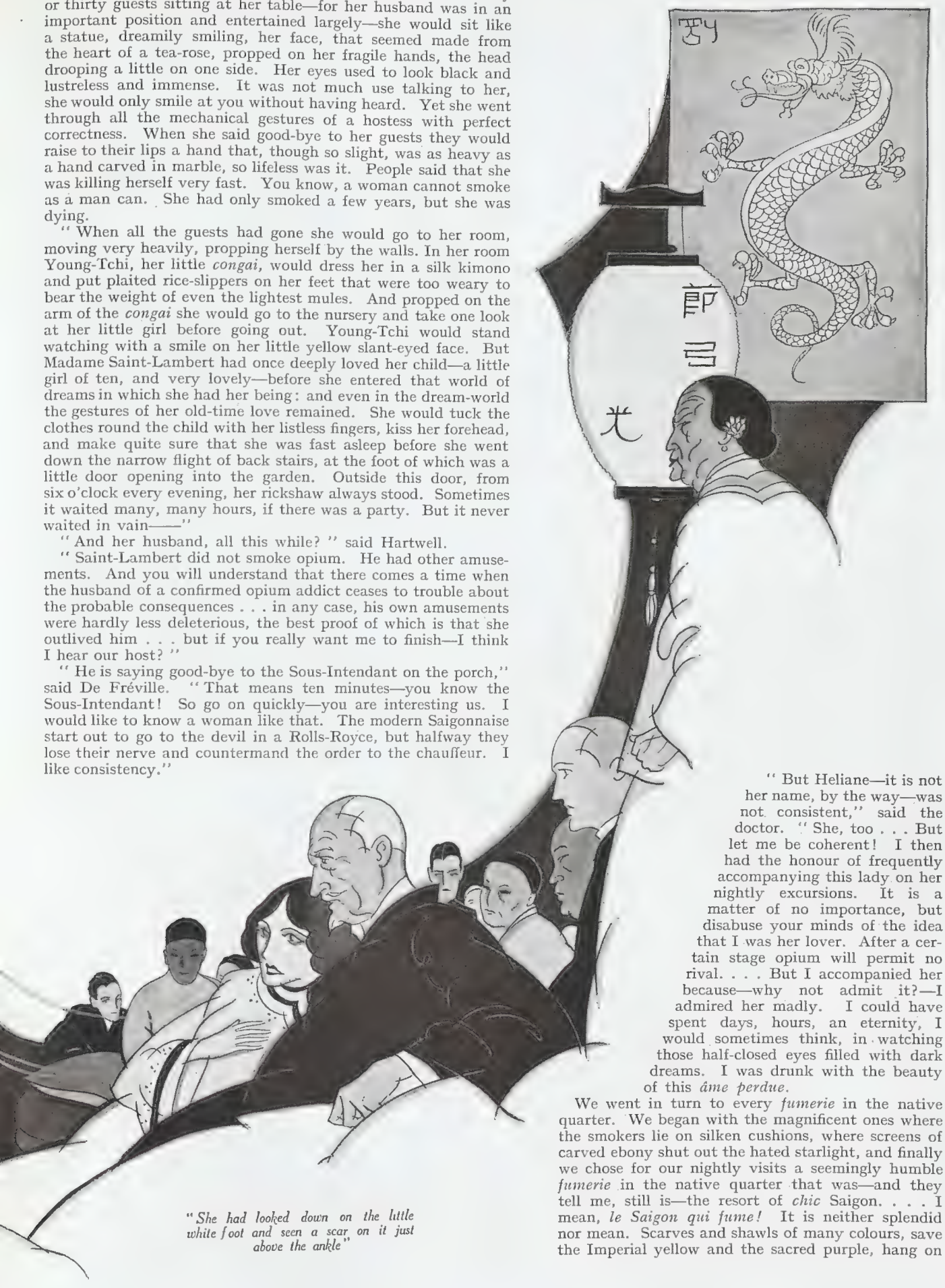
"I first met Madame Saint-Lambert when she had already smoked for several years. I have sat opposite her at dinner when she spoke no word throughout a long meal. With twenty or thirty guests sitting at her table—for her husband was in an important position and entertained largely—she would sit like a statue, dreamily smiling, her face, that seemed made from the heart of a tea-rose, propped on her fragile hands, the head drooping a little on one side. Her eyes used to look black and lustreless and immense. It was not much use talking to her, she would only smile at you without having heard. Yet she went through all the mechanical gestures of a hostess with perfect correctness. When she said good-bye to her guests they would raise to their lips a hand that, though so slight, was as heavy as a hand carved in marble, so lifeless was it. People said that she was killing herself very fast. You know, a woman cannot smoke as a man can. She had only smoked a few years, but she was dying.

"When all the guests had gone she would go to her room, moving very heavily, propping herself by the walls. In her room Young-Tchi, her little *congai*, would dress her in a silk kimono and put plaited rice-slippers on her feet that were too weary to bear the weight of even the lightest mules. And propped on the arm of the *congai* she would go to the nursery and take one look at her little girl before going out. Young-Tchi would stand watching with a smile on her little yellow slant-eyed face. But Madame Saint-Lambert had once deeply loved her child—a little girl of ten, and very lovely—before she entered that world of dreams in which she had her being: and even in the dream-world the gestures of her old-time love remained. She would tuck the clothes round the child with her listless fingers, kiss her forehead, and make quite sure that she was fast asleep before she went down the narrow flight of back stairs, at the foot of which was a little door opening into the garden. Outside this door, from six o'clock every evening, her rickshaw always stood. Sometimes it waited many, many hours, if there was a party. But it never waited in vain——"

"And her husband, all this while?" said Hartwell.

"Saint-Lambert did not smoke opium. He had other amusements. And you will understand that there comes a time when the husband of a confirmed opium addict ceases to trouble about the probable consequences . . . in any case, his own amusements were hardly less deleterious, the best proof of which is that she outlived him . . . but if you really want me to finish—I think I hear our host?"

"He is saying good-bye to the Sous-Intendant on the porch," said De Fréville. "That means ten minutes—you know the Sous-Intendant! So go on quickly—you are interesting us. I would like to know a woman like that. The modern Saigonnaise start out to go to the devil in a Rolls-Royce, but halfway they lose their nerve and countermand the order to the chauffeur. I like consistency."



"She had looked down on the little white foot and seen a scar on it just above the ankle"

"But Heliane—it is not her name, by the way—was not consistent," said the doctor. "She, too . . . But let me be coherent! I then had the honour of frequently accompanying this lady on her nightly excursions. It is a matter of no importance, but disabuse your minds of the idea that I was her lover. After a certain stage opium will permit no rival. . . . But I accompanied her because—why not admit it?—I admired her madly. I could have spent days, hours, an eternity, I would sometimes think, in watching those half-closed eyes filled with dark dreams. I was drunk with the beauty of this *âme perdue*.

We went in turn to every *fumerie* in the native quarter. We began with the magnificent ones where the smokers lie on silken cushions, where screens of carved ebony shut out the hated starlight, and finally we chose for our nightly visits a seemingly humble *fumerie* in the native quarter that was—and they tell me, still is—the resort of *chic* Saigon. . . . I mean, *le Saigon qui fume!* It is neither splendid nor mean. Scarves and shawls of many colours, save the Imperial yellow and the sacred purple, hang on

the walls. The rice mats are comfortable enough, there are a few cushions, and the society is agreeable.

"WELL, the society in this *fumerie,* as I have told you, was agreeable. We would sometimes meet there friends whom we had seen earlier in the evening—models of official correctness and banality—lying in exquisite restfulness on their mats. It is quite amusing to chat with the wife of a high official who lately extended you the haughtiest of little white hands, in the intimacy of the magic circle that surrounds the lamp. No request for secrecy was ever made, but no tales were ever told. What will you, the world is so foolish! Of how many men and women in modern Saigon does one not hear: 'They say he or she smokes!' No harm there. But to say: 'He or she smokes. *I saw them!*' is another matter. I do not know why. Opium has never yet inspired anyone to do a cruel act. Rightly regarded, it might be a favourite weapon of the Christian religion. Are we not told, my friends, to pass through this world as in a dream, that joys or trials are of equally little import, since our little lives are but a day's march on the long road to Eternity? *Eh bien,* it is every opium-eater's creed, and one evolved for himself as he lies watching the flickering of the little lamp! . . .

"I must make haste. I can hear a purposefully farewell note in the voice of *ce bon Duquesne.* Besides, it is really too much to expect to spend a whole evening without one's host, having eaten his dinner. One night, then, I escorted Madame Saint-Lambert to our favourite *fumerie* and installed her on her favourite cushions. They were dark red, and as she lay with shut eyes, her lips to an old, old pipe of yellow ivory, she seemed asleep on a bed of poppies . . . . or a sea of blood. She was always like that for the first few pipes—immovable, speechless, almost lifeless, till the drug had given back her strength and serenity. And after the thirtieth pipe she, too, talked. She said many strange things in that low, flowing voice of hers, wise things, too, for she was not of the fools who need to forget their foolishness. And I, I just listened to her, and took no notice of the other smokers. But I remember that on that particular night there was a comrade of mine newly arrived from France, but no new convert to the drug, for he had lived in China. And I have a vague vision of a silken ankle and a gleaming skirt beneath the dull silk folds of a kimono the other side of the room. I know there must have been nine or ten people there, but most of them lay immobile on their mats, looking upwards through the smoke-wreaths with eyes that shone with the metallic brightness opium lends. And I suppose a demon of unrest pursued me. I looked at my liege lady, who lay like a statue carved in marble, as though she had no strength even to lift her heavy eyelids. I dared not interrupt her reverie; I knew that I must wait until she chose to sign to me to speak. And a sort of fever ate me—I, who was alive, slave to a statue, a marble mask, a dream, something as exquisitely strange and chill as a lonely poppy blowing by the sea! Full of these thoughts, I gave myself no time to be soothed, or was it that that night the opium had no effect? There comes the inevitable moment when the habitual dose must be increased. I may have reached that moment. All I know is that after seven—fourteen—twenty pipes, my nerves were still ajangle, and there was yet no sign from the still figure close to me. So I rose, and pushed aside the screen that stood in front of a door in the wall.

"I KNEW well what was the other side—just a little room devoted to gambling or card-playing or dancing; all pleasures scorned by the elect, and only planned for the vulgar who take the drug lightly. There were three or four Europeans there that night, and a little dancing girl was serving them green tea from Yunnon in handleless cups. She was no Annamite, as I could tell from the delicacy of her features and the mat whiteness of her skin. I judged her a Chinese girl, and you know what they can be like. She had immense black eyes, whose faint slant was but an added charm, and her feet glided in and out of the coloured cushions and the mats like moving flowers. She had a gold-embroidered jacket on and gold trousers, and her features, like those of *toutes les petites filles d'Annam qui ne sont pas sages,* were grotesquely painted. Kohol ridiculously rimmed eyes that were already large enough; rouge crudely applied, looked like circles of pink velvet stitched on to the white of her face. Her lips were stiff with carmine paint, and a delicate blue tracery on chin and forehead, together with a monstrous headdress of jewels and gold, completed her resemblance to a little Chinese idol. This little creature, so Babyish that her lips were pouted exactly like those of a tiny infant who seeks its mother's breast, cannot have been more than ten years old.

"Yet I saw an acquaintance of mine, who was there, put his arm round her little waist and drag her on to his knee. She sat there meekly, still smiling, with an utter non-comprehension on her soft little face. One saw that all the evil in the world could be wreaked on her and she would not know it for what it was. And the fat Chinese hag who kept the place ambled in and said a word to the man, and something else, in Annamite, to the baby. I could see the old crone had got a find. You know the squat features and yellow skin of the Annamite—but you know, too, what Chinese girlhood is like in its blooming. What tiny, tiny hands and feet, what little rounded figures, what birdlike laughs, what black eyes—as of baby antelopes. And, while I thought that, the man whom I knew kissed the idol-child on the bursting rosebud of her mouth, and she looked round at the old Chinese woman as if for approval. Then, the old woman signing to her, she got up and began to dance in and out of the rice mats, deftly skirting the china cups and the feet of the onlookers. It was a symbolic dance, of no ultra-moral character, such as is taught to all dancers in all towns of the Orient. And the baby did it with innocent enjoyment . . . .

"I felt a hand on my shoulder. Behind me stood Heliane, with a long, listless, white arm hanging round the neck of a little Annamite boy who was supporting her. She had wakened to life at last, and had come to look for me. Together, amused, we watched the dancing.

"'A GRACEFUL little idol,' said she, while the child, who had evidently been told not to take her eyes off the man who admired her, gravely advanced and retired, and strutted and swayed, on her little dimpled feet.

"'Yes, a pretty idol for a little shrine,' I said.

"'You are very romantic,' she smiled. 'Do little idols such as that have shrines? Come here, pretty one!' she added, as the little girl finished her dance and a murmur of applause arose. But the old crone, with of flow of unintelligible Annamite, tried to hurry the child out of the room. My acquaintance rose also.

"'I want to speak to the little dancer,' said Heliane, slipping her arm about my shoulder, and dismissing the boy 'She is pretty, she might dance for me at a party. I would pay her well for one night. Do tell the woman.'

"I understand from the reply that the little dancer, tired, had gone to bed. But at that moment we caught sight, through the other door, of a flitting gold jacket. And, rather curious at the crone's evasion, I made two strides across the room and caught it, with its contents, and set it down before my lady. It was strange, was it not, that that night I should have smoked but twenty pipes? If I had smoked five more I could not have moved so fast. The gold jacket would have disappeared into the shadows . . . .

"'What is your name, child?' said Madame Saint-Lambert to the little girl. And at the same moment as the old hag cried out, 'She does not understand French, madame!' the little thing replied, 'Thi-Nam!'

"I looked on curiously. There seemed to be some sort of a mystery here. And Madame Saint-Lambert was studying the little gold-clad figure carefully.

"'DO you notice, Gaston, that her eyes are not really oblique? It is the tattoo slope upwards. It would not surprise me to find she is European.'

"The child tried to slide away. Madame Saint-Lambert moved forward and put a hand on her little silk-clad shoulder to stop her, and in so doing trod on the small bare foot. Thi-Nam gave an exclamation of pain, and Heliane looked to see if she had really hurt the tender little foot.

"And then, messieurs, she gripped my arm—gripped it, did I say?—I carried the marks of her frantic fingers in my flesh for weeks. Gripped it with a fierceness, with a sort of madness, that spoke more than words. For she was wordless. . . . She had looked down on the little white foot and seen a scar on it, just above the ankle. It was as

(Continued on page vi.)

Sasha

MISS PEGGY O'NEIL

The American musical comedy actress goes "back to the land." It is possible she is searching for those jewels which were recently stolen from her flat soon after "Merry Merry," in which she played lead, ended its run

THE COMMENTS OF CHLOE

"The indiscretions of one's ancestors"

MARRIAGE AND MOTORISTS

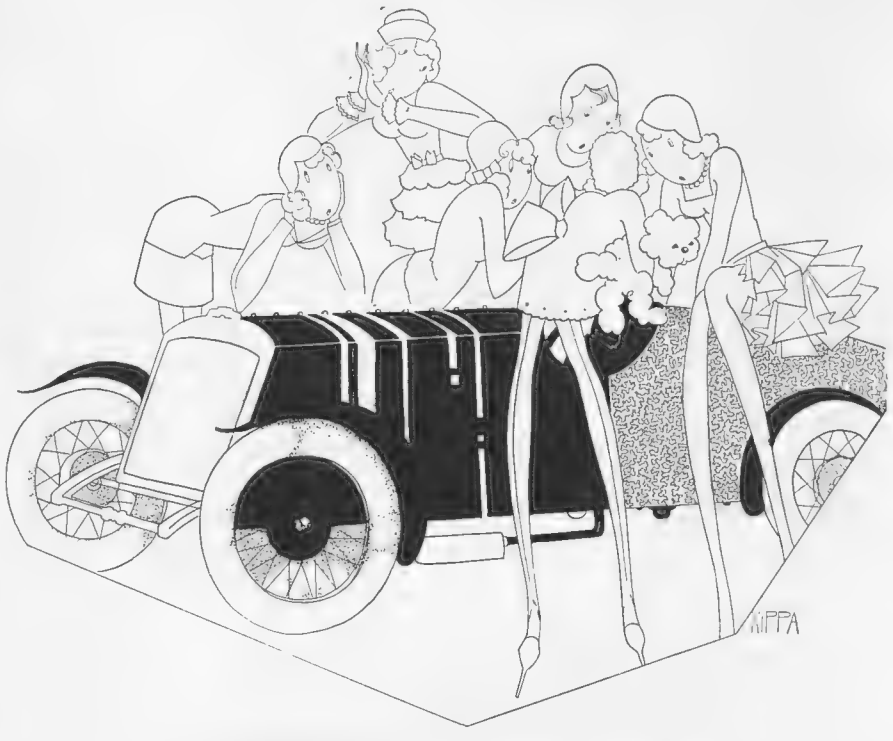
Illustrated by KIPPA

I HAD to go to a wedding last week so I determined to buy a new hat. Immediately my troubles began, because I could not make up my mind what sort of hat to get. You see, I am not entirely English, and so when I turn my mind to the matter of clothes I am torn in half, because the foreign side of me knows that one ought to be smart at all costs, even if one's face looks like a parboiled potato bursting out of an eggshell, which is the exact effect produced by the newest hats. The English half of me is addicted to lovely drooping hats with a flower or two on the brim, and perhaps a lining of chiffon. Dressed like this, I remind anybody of a good man's dream, and in my harder moments this does not appeal to me.

HOWEVER, I went to the hat-shop and said, "I want a hat for a wedding," and so the woman immediately produced a lovely big hat lined with pink, and said, "The Duchess of Doodles has just bought a model exactly like this," and I answered smartly, "But, my good female, the Duchess is English all through, and she has not got red hair."

SO when the shop lady heard this she peered under my close-fitting helmet, and when she saw my hair she said, "Oh, Gawd!" At least it sounded like that; but perhaps I am wrong, because she was much more ladylike than I am. However, I am quite used to people getting excited about my hair and wanting to run their fingers through it.

I LIKE my hair—but perhaps I have talked enough about it. Anyhow, she got quite unprofessional and excited, realising that I was not entirely English, and wanted to know what I was. But I do not believe in exposing the indiscretions of one's ancestors, and so I changed the subject back to hats, and I cannot help thinking that she was not altogether what she looked, because she asked me, "Are you a friend of the bride or the bridegroom?" Thank goodness I was able to say, "Bridegroom," because I think it is a terrible come-down to be the bride's girl friend, and makes you seem so old. So she said, "Well, then, I shall design you a d-r-ream of a hat, and he will wish he wasn't marrying the other woman."



"Other girls looking hopeless and longing at the same time"

THE hat was a dream, very wicked and hideous and sophisticated, but it cost me an awful lot, because I had to have my face done up all new to go with it and get another dress. But I looked so marvellous that everybody whispered as I walked down the aisle, "Who is she?" And if that isn't pleasure enough for any woman, I don't know what is.

I WAS awfully glad, when I saw the other people that were friends of the bride, that I had not got on a large hat, for they were all dressed in flopping crinolines and had known the bride when she "was so high," and a good many of them I expect had known about her before that, and they were most of them being rather "tender" and sniffly. Anyhow, I was very glad I wasn't a friend of the person who was being described as "a remedy against sin," because it reminds me of—oh, well, never mind—but of quite a number of things. Isn't it funny that a clergyman can make remarks to two people in a church, but if he made them in a drawing-room he would be asked to leave. It must be awful fun to know that one is being married merely (according to the Prayer Book) to procreate children and to prevent a man Sinning. (This sort of Sin must always be spelt with a capital letter.)

I GAVE the bridegroom a lovely look as he passed down the aisle, a sort of "I forgive you all and shall love you to the end" glance. He wished I had never been born, but that did not upset me at all, and I went along to the reception and wished them all the luck in the world, and they can translate that into what the clergyman would call luck, and what I should, just as they like.

THIS week there is the Air Pageant at Hendon, and if you know anything about flying and have a flying "flirt" to take you there it is rather amusing, but otherwise you had better stay away because you will only use the incorrect terms. I do not like flying myself, although I like flirting, but I consider that the latter pursuit is so enthralling that I will fly, so as to obtain my little pleasure. Of course, you flirt before and after the flying, because it is impossible to make yourself heard in an aeroplane; and, anyhow, the pilot is occupied with his job, and I believe in doing one thing at a time, and doing it well. But I don't get nearly so thrilled about pilots as about racing motorists, and now I see that Kaye Don is going to try to break Segrave's record next March. I do think Kaye Don is one of the most thrilling men I have ever seen. Perhaps it is the effect of having sandy eyelashes against blue eyes. Anyhow, he reminds me of a Viking or the leader of a forlorn hope, and when he is racing at Brooklands I hang round his car and look at him longingly, only there are so many other girls looking hopeless and longing at the same time that I don't think he really ever distinguishes one from t'other, as we are like a swarm of bees. Anyhow, I hope he will break the record and not his blooming neck, which is much the more likely, and if he does, I shall wear black and look unutterable things.

"I do not like flying"

WHEN I go to Brooklands I come away and drive like mad (and, come to think of it, that just about describes my post-Brooklands driving). I believe I drive nearly as well as Kaye Don, only he has no policemen to bother him, and the other day I never noticed a policeman and I sort of ricochetted off him and he turned nasty and I had to go to the police court. So I wouldn't take a solicitor because it was after the wedding and I thought that my new hat would make the magistrate go all "goosey." But he was an honourable man and believed in doing his duty. So he never looked at me, which was a pity; only the constable who called out my name looked at me a lot, and the magistrate asked very sharply, "Guilty or Not Guilty," and I said, "Well, I am guilty in a way, only I was thinking about Kaye Don, and I never noticed the policeman." The magistrate had such a nasty expression on his face that I added "Your Worship," which I thought was the proper way to address magistrates. But the nice constable (not the one who arrested me) told me afterwards that it wasn't, and that probably the man thought I was trying to be sarcastic. Well, I have never been sarcastic and I never will, and, also, I will never think about Kaye Don again, because it cost me "forty shillings and costs," and I am almost sure that no man is worth thinking about at that price.

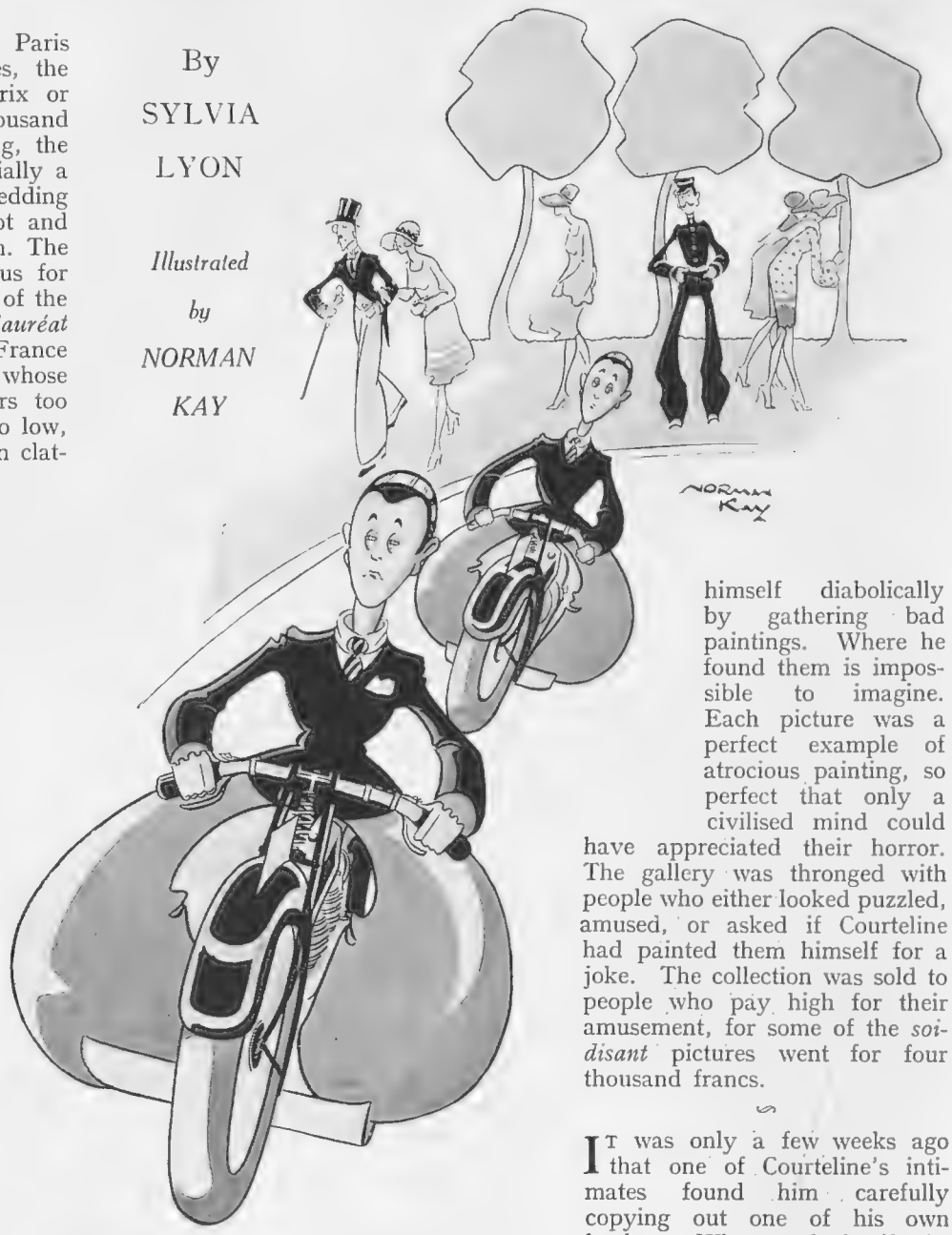
I AM perfectly shocked at the way the crowds behave at Wimbledon when their favourites get beaten. Because as we seem to be so very bad at games nowadays, the only thing we can do is to be very, very English and take our beatings in a sporting spirit and "play up, play up, and play the game," and do all the traditional things that we have done since the beginning of time—like not talking about women in mess, or boasting about one's love affairs. Because if we get much worse at preserving the national characteristics we soon shall not be English at all, and then somebody will divert the Gulf Stream, and we shall have a Channel Tunnel, and we might be just anything like an American or a Frenchman.

PARIS GOSSIP

SUNDAYS, SOLDIERS and CECILE SOREL

By SYLVIA LYON

Illustrated by NORMAN KAY



"The little boys whose hair is too slick and trousers too Oxford"

LA GRANDE SEMAINE in Paris is not only the Haies, the Drags, the Grand Prix or charity fêtes at one thousand francs a head. For one thing, the Haies as a race meet was socially a flop, for *tout* Paris was at the wedding of Marguerite de Rohan-Chabot and the Count de Cheyron du Pavillon. The Grande Semaine is very serious for some people, for it is the time of the dreaded "Bachot," the *baccalauréat* degree which the youth of France must pass. The little boys whose hair is too slick and trousers too Oxford, collars too soft and too low, and who ride about the Bois in clattering Bugattis or on suicidal motor-bikes, are looking decidedly haggard after cramming for the examinations, which are held at the Sorbonne. The written examination takes thirteen hours! The following oral examination, fortunately, cannot be so long, and I know one boy who had a very short one. The professor asked why France lost her colonies, and he said, "Because we were damn fools."

The Academy of Medicine has come out in favour of reducing the number of school hours, and it is time they did, because the children of school age in the majority of cases are the unhealthiest looking kids.

I HAVE just learned that a Frenchman can do his military service in the Fire Department! That must be fun, because there are never any fires in France. That is why, I suppose, nobody is paying the slightest attention to the Fire Prevention Exhibition in the Cours la Reine. There are other strange doings in Paris this week, such as the Bowling Competition in the Tuileries, with gentle old teams competing from all over the country. The "Yellow Bird" is being shown in the Tuileries, too, but minus Schreiber, the unpopular stowaway. I wonder the 'plane does not bear a sign saying, "This way to the Hotel Lotti," for even if Schreiber did get hell, the flight-backer's father did get a lot of advertising.

MARSHAL PETAIN, of course, succeeded to Marshal Foch's chair at the Académie Française, as everyone expected. It has not yet been decided, although a great deal of voting has been done, who will inherit the chair of de Curel. I hope it will be Francis de Croisset. The Academy year after year refused the admission of Georges Courteline, who died the twenty-sixth of June, for Courteline was a "comique" in the fields of literature and the theatre. His *confrères* considered him the literary descendant of Molière. Even in his last years, when he was an invalid, he could make a gesture funnier than any of his works, "Boubouroche," "Le Train de 8 heures 47," and "Messieurs Les Ronds de Cuir."

LAST year I saw at Bernheim-Jeune his collection of paintings. For a long period Courteline had amused himself diabolically by gathering bad paintings. Where he found them is impossible to imagine. Each picture was a perfect example of atrocious painting, so perfect that only a civilised mind could have appreciated their horror. The gallery was thronged with people who either looked puzzled, amused, or asked if Courteline had painted them himself for a joke. The collection was sold to people who pay high for their amusement, for some of the *soi-disant* pictures went for four thousand francs.

IT was only a few weeks ago that one of Courteline's intimates found him carefully copying out one of his own books. When asked if he couldn't do something more worth while, Courteline replied, "Decidedly not! I have never saved my manuscripts, and, seeing what Proust's letters and manuscripts are fetching in the market, I have decided to provide for my heirs!"

CECILE SOREL, now the Comtesse de Segur, who some months ago sold her antique furniture and has gone modern, has a new apartment above Sherry's in the Rond Point des Champs Elysées. After a workman had left the other day Cecile and her husband missed a diamond pin and a pearl. The culprit was found and brought to trial. When the case was called Sorel was asked her maiden name. "I," she smiled, "have forgotten it." Now, Cecile, that isn't very

(*Continued on page 96*).

Life's little lapses

"Let's see, my call . . . . I'll try 'one Worthington'."

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 94)

tactful of you, because you have been married only a short time. . . . Anyhow, the jewels were retrieved, but to the Comte de Segur's discomfiture, on identifying his pearl scarfpin, it was expertised as being a "toc," which is French for fake.

THE next best actress to get publicity is Maud Loty. It seems that Maud has been complaining about the stinginess of her boy-friends. Not having been showered recently with any radium-inlaid Hispanos, Maud sought to make her ardent admirers feel foolish. So she bought a bicycle, and nightly she rode to the theatre. She also made an arrangement with news-photographers to snap her aboard the bike. However, between the acts, the bicycle was stolen. Maud burst into a rage, and declared that the next bike she rides on will be bought second-hand.

KIKI, called the Queen of Montparnasse, but I would call her something else, has migrated to the Right Bank, and is singing nightly in the downstairs bar of the Bœuf-sur-le-Toit. Her repertoire consists of those quaint little songs with a Marseilles flavour. It is rather difficult to decide just what procedure to take in listening to her songs: to adopt a mask of indifference may be interpreted that either you are hard-boiled, that you don't understand French very well, or that you don't understand anything at all. If you smile or dare to laugh, the most worldly-wise night-owls in Paris look at you as if to say, "Well, well! How do YOU happen to understand what Kiki is singing?" For Kiki sings one filthy song after another, and in the middle of one foul verse, phrase or word, she becomes so devoted to it that she repeats it over and over.

FLAT, circular golden lights threaded the road that leads from the lodge to the Chateau Holkar at St. Germain, where the Maharajah of Indore gave a dinner for one hundred and fifty people. Lights bordered the clusters of shrubs, and search-lights placed on the ground illuminated the trees surrounding the immense arbor under which the tables were set. It was really a marvellous sight, and two bands alternated, the one from the Ambassadeurs and Jack Hylton's, over from London to play at this party and at the one given the following night by Henri de Rothschild. The first Lady Davis and the second Madame Sert were there, the latter by far the best-looking woman at the party. She wore a white satin dress made in three flounces, with a light blue scarf around the neck, that fastened at the waistline in back, and diamonds, lots of diamonds. As we sat down to dinner, being the last to arrive, I said to the boy-friend, "Oh, there is Lady Abdy over there. Her back looks bored." "Oh, her back always looks bored," he said, "but that's just to tease people."

"A bathing suit whose top is of tan to match your sunburn"

ALL the *grandes couturières* are shut up in a sort of religious retreat, or irreligious treat. For by August they must evolve two hundred new models to show the buyer-wolves who will descend upon Paris. Yes, I would call it religious: God help them if they do not produce the two hundred models. But even in the hiatus before the new collections are shown there are many novelties in sports wear, lingerie, luggage, and even make-up. Jane Regny produces a bathing-suit whose top is of tan to match your sunburn, and Jean Patou and Chanel come forth with "l'Huile de Chaldée" and "La Fleur de Jasmin" to help the sunburn along. Hermès creates a valise for shoes: each side of the bag contains six compartments, and it can be hung upon a hook in one's hotel room, train compartment, etc.

THE more masculine the trend of the lingerie specialists, the more feminine the lingerie designed by the dressmakers. Molyneux is making nightgowns, bedjackets and peignoirs of a heavenly hydrangea-blue flowered chiffon that are perfectly beautiful. Irande shows a dinner dress and coat that take up very small space, literally and for packing purposes; the dress is of yellow and brown printed mousseline, and the coat, cut *en forme* to correspond with the shape of the dress, is of the identical design in print, but made of *faille*. I have seen several stunning sports coats of white breitschwanz. S. L.

AT JUAN-LES-PINS

A view of the Mediterranean taken from the terrace of the Trident Club. This is a social club run on British lines for residents and visitors in and around Juan-les-Pins, and provides facilities for reading, writing, Bridge, etc.

301 *Years*

There is only one Distilling House that can claim 301 years' experience in making Scots Whisky. The name of that House is

Haig

Just establish the habit of saying "Haig and soda" (instead of whisky and soda) and you will get a healthy stimulant equal to *the finest that ever came out of Scotland.*

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

MR. BELLOC and OTHER EXCITEMENTS

E. O. Hoppé

MISS NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH

Whose clever new novel, "Summer Holiday" (Constable: 7s. 6d.), is reviewed on page 100

By
RALPH STRAUS

WHAT an astonishing writer Hilaire Belloc is! I have said that before, and I shall probably say it again. There are people, I know, who consider that he publishes far too much. (I dare say he agrees with them.) There are others who lament his extraordinary versatility, and wish that he would allow them to classify him, conveniently and decently, as—well, as some one thing or other. But what, they ask, are you to do with a man who persists in writing every conceivable book (except, perhaps, a school algebra, and that, I feel sure, would be forthcoming were it to be demanded from his pen), with equal zest and apparently without effort? What are you to say of a distinguished biographer who is historian, sociologist, poet, pamphleteer, politician, and novelist as well; of a man who at one moment will be deadly serious and at the very next as irresponsible as Mr. Wodehouse himself?

❋

IN reply to this, Mr. Belloc would at once retort that anybody idiotic enough to ask such a question is past praying for, and ought to be sent without delay to Parliament or some other prison. He is not very fond of fools. In fact, there are quite a number of things which he does not like, and chief amongst them are the "big business" men who receive titles for their "public services." These gentry, indeed, he dislikes so much that his pen cannot help fulminating whenever it is called on to deal with them. And to my own private satisfaction you will find them freely sprinkled not only throughout his satirical verse and his sociological pamphlets, but in his fiction as well; and nowhere are they so gorgeously pilloried as in that light-hearted section of his fiction which Mr. Chesterton enriches with his inimitable sketches in pencil.

❋

NOW of late years these particular stories have undergone a slight change. They began by being political satires, but Mr. Chesterton seems to have seduced his friend into exploring the Sherlockian territory which he himself knows so well, and to-day your genuine Chesterbelloc, if not a "real" detective story, is one long excitement, which differs from most other excitements in being very freely spiced with satire.

❋

The Missing Masterpiece (Arrowsmith: 7s. 6d.) is unquestionably a genuine Chesterbelloc. As they say of first editions, it has all the right "points." In the first place, the story is told in such a way that you can imagine the author telling it to you privately, and occasionally pausing to chuckle. In the second place, there are no silly heroes or heroines and no stupid "love-interest." In the third place, everybody is either an idiot or a scoundrel. In the fourth place, the secrets of (*a*) cosmopolitan picture-dealers, (*b*) newspaper lords, and (*c*) certain of our ruling families, are once again laid bare. And in the fifth place, everybody is made quite happy on the last page.

❋

MOREOVER, the whole thing is really exciting. You want to know all the time which of the scoundrelly fellows will triumph, and you want to know which of the copies of the "masterpiece" will ultimately be allowed to be the original. There is a splendid trial for libel, and an equally splendid "boom" engineered in the newspapers. There is a millionaire marchioness who speaks with a queer accent, and a Spanish Grandee (by marriage) who speaks like the American bohunk he is. And there are no fewer than forty Chestertonian sketches. What more can you possibly ask for? The book is a joy.

❋

ANOTHER bundle of excitements which robbed me of a couple of hours' sleep may be found in Alan Hillgarth's new novel, *Change for Heaven* (Chapman and Hall: 7s. 6d.), which is not quite the kind of book you might suppose after reading its first chapter. Here the scene is Florida in the days of its land-boom (post-War variety), and most land-booms, I admit, leave me singularly cold. Mr. Hillgarth, however, manages to make of his the most romantic business, and even if he had been content only to show us his Englishman getting the better of these cocksure Yankees I should have been satisfied.

❋

BUT he does much more than explain how a land-boom is engineered, for he has contrived a story which Mr. Wallace himself might not have disdained to write. In places, I admit, it is a little improbable, but then Florida itself is an improbable place, and, what with rum-runners and hi-jackers and federal agents and gunmen and get-rich-quicks and countesses (American variety), almost anything is liable to happen in the Land of the Free and "Speakeasy" these picturesque Prohibition days.

❋

I DO not say that this is in any sense whatever a great book. On the other hand, it is not exactly a shocker. But it is unusual, and neatly written, and genuinely interesting. Mr. Hillgarth knows his Florida inside out, and makes the most of his knowledge. He has had his own adventures, and knows how people "react" to unusual situations. For myself, I certainly find him most entertaining.

❋

SO I come to two shockers of the more usual type, and I speak of them here instead of on the next page (and in smaller type), because they both have the merit of being well written. On the jacket of the first of them I read the following: "Millward Kennedy is becoming known as the Man with the Frightful Titles. *Corpse on the Mat*, his last story, thoroughly lived up (in the opinion of Mr. Ralph Straus in THE BYSTANDER) to its 'jolly' title; we venture to say that, in title at least, *Corpse Guards' Parade* (Gollancz: 7s. 6d.) is even jollier."

❋

WELL, I agree with Mr. Gollancz. The title is very jolly indeed. The story, however, is not nearly so good as its predecessor, though when I say "good" I mean only so far as one's actual bewilderment goes. It is not particularly difficult to "spot" the murderer of Mr. Henry Dill, whereas it was very difficult indeed to deduce what had happened in Inspector Cornford's previous case. At the same time, the spotting of the murderer will not

(Continued on page 100)

And they lived happily ever after!

From a 1919 De Reszke advertisement

They have three children now, and a Rolls-Cowley saloon, and she says she can't imagine what he could have seen in her when she wore those ridiculous clothes of ten years ago. He doesn't agree on that, but they are quite agreed about De Reszke cigarettes. They smoked them then, and they smoke them now, and the cigarettes at least have not altered. They are still the fine aristocrats they were, the only difference being that, thanks to their ever-growing sales, they can now be bought at the popular price of 10 for 6d.

DE RESZKE *Virginias*

'Ivory'-tipped or plain **10 for 6d.** *Twenty for one shilling*

J. MILLHOFF AND CO. LTD., 86 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 98)

explain the whole mystery, and as Mr. Kennedy, in addition to his good writing, is not one of those miserable fellows who play false with their readers, his book may be commended.

❋

And then there is Henry Wade's new story, *The Duke of York's Steps* (Constable: 7s. 6d.). Who killed Sir Garth Fratten, the banker, who was suffering from an aneurism, which is not a pleasant thing to possess, and will burst if its owner be hit hard enough on the body? It might have been his supposed son who had just been disinherited, but it also might have been half a dozen other people. And, of course, it was somebody who was really somebody else. All of which sounds very ordinary indeed, but Mr. Wade has his own way of going about things. From his manner you would never suspect that he is really telling a "shocker." He can take as much trouble over a portrait as the most serious novelist. And he has dared to turn—of all people—an Oxford graduate (Honours, too!) into a police-inspector. Need I say more?

❋

One other novel must go on my highly recommended list. This is Miss Naomi Royde-Smith's *Summer Holiday* (Constable: 7s. 6d.), a delightful story, in spite of its unexpectedly tragic ending. When poor little Winnie is taken by her parents—he is a Birmingham chemist, and she was once a barmaid—to a big seaside hotel, she falls in love with the "first violin." He is the usual lady-killer, and Winnie comes to grief. An ordinary kind of story, you see, but not the least ordinary in the manner of its telling. Here, indeed, you have the best type of comedy. These Skinners from Birmingham, with their legitimate desire to make a splash, are wonderfully well limned, and you cannot follow Winnie's adventure—she is only sixteen at the time—without being genuinely moved. There was a moment when I was of the opinion that the tragedy could, and should, have been avoided—many girls find themselves in Winnie's position and escape—but she is not quite the usual girl, and I now consider the tragedy to be wholly in place. When she falls in love, it is "madly," and even two commonsense parents cannot save her. This is an excellent novel—the best, in my opinion, that its writer has yet given us. R. S.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NOVELS

We That Are Left. By Isobel C. Clarke. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)
Follow Elizabeth. By Dorothea Conyers. (7s. 6d.)
Men Call Me Fool. By Dan Totheroh. (Selwyn and Blount: 7s. 6d.)
The Black Minute. By Pamela Franklin. (Hurst and Blackett: 7s. 6d.)
The Men of Silence. By Louis Forgione. (Dent: 7s. 6d.)
The Seven Sisters. By Jean Lilly. (Dent: 7s. 6d.)
Three Came Unarmed. By E. Arnot Robertson. (Cape: 7s. 6d.)
"M.W.X.X.3." By Roland Pertwee. (Heinemann: 7s. 6d.)

MISCELLANEOUS

Portrait of the Labour Party. By Egon Wertheimer. (Putnam: 5s.)
Carlyle to Three Score and Ten. By David Alec Wilson. (Kegan Paul: 18s.)
Mirrors of Moscow. By H. J. Greenwall. (Harrap: 10s. 6d.)
The Summer Game. By Neville Cardus. (Richards and Toulmin: 6s.)

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

Mr. Sabatini's latest novel, *The Romantic Prince*, is, we are told, a story of love and chivalry in the thrilling days of conflict between Burgundy and France. Count Anthony, the "romantic prince," idealist and dreamer, who meets and loves a burgher woman of Flushing, is one of the most memorable figures in the brilliant gallery of historical portraiture with which Mr. Sabatini has delighted so many millions of readers. Just published by Hutchinson.

❋

A Little Way Ahead is the title of Alan Sullivan's new novel, to be published shortly by Murrays. Most of us at some time or other desire to see ahead, though if we could do so our life would become unworkable altogether . . . yet we hear that this is the story of a man, Felix Marbury, a stockbroker's clerk, to whom it was mysteriously given to see a little way ahead. Great wealth and power came to him, and he aspired to make himself master of the city, but when the final balance was cast it proved that Felix had overlooked something.

❋

A Doorkeeper of Music, by J. A. Fuller-Maitland—the title alone is interesting—but the book should be very much so, for the author, who was twenty years musical critic of *The Times*, tells of an unconventional childhood and youth, in the course of which he has come across many notable and some notorious people. We are told that many eminent figures in the literary and artistic world pass across the pages, from Disraeli and Gladstone to Browning and Samuel Butler, from Ruskin and Leighton to Du Maurier and Whistler, while there are few distinguished musicians of his time with whom the writer has not been brought into contact, and he has some amusing stories to tell. To be published in the autumn by Murray.

Mr. John Prioleau, the well-known Motor Journalist, writes in the "Daily Mirror" his impressions of

THE LANCHESTER STRAIGHT EIGHT

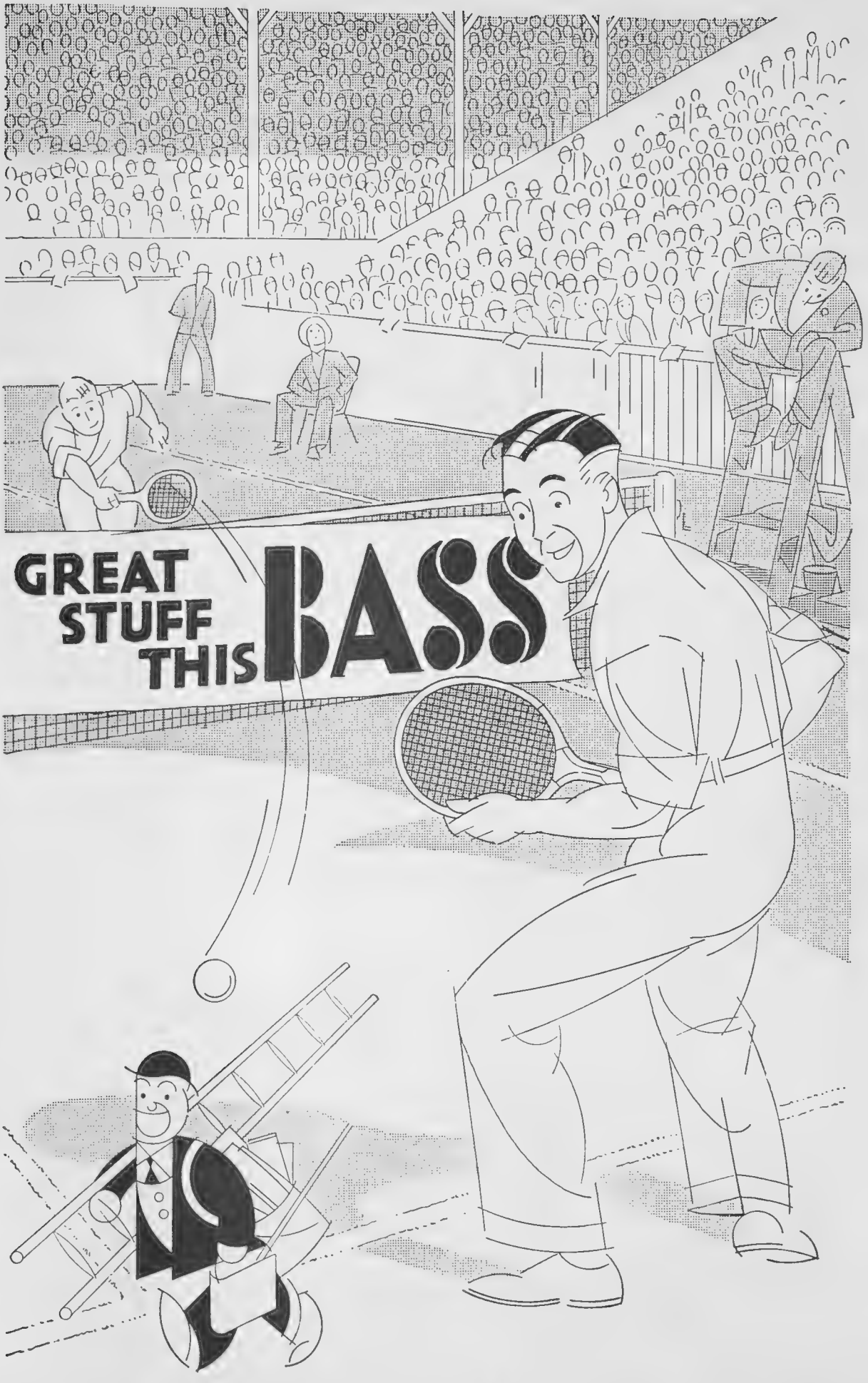
He says . . . . . "The real luxury of this fine British Car lies in its remarkable smoothness of running. Any good straight eight should give you flexibility, acceleration, and vibrationless working at all reasonable speeds, but I have yet to drive one which does better in this respect than the new Lanchester . . . It is a beautiful job."

Photographs, specifications, and particulars concerning bodywork and delivery dates sent on request. Trial runs by appointment.

Illustrated below is the 4/5 seat Southport Fabric Saloon

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR CO., LTD., BIRMINGHAM.
LONDON SHOWROOMS: 95, NEW BOND ST., W.1. MANCHESTER SHOWROOMS: 88, DEANSGATE.

The Best of the Straight Eights.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Our Special Fur Offer

White Coney Cape

Clear white skins well made and lined. This charming Cape, ideal for evening wear.

WONDERFUL VALUE **156/-**

All Motor Accessories Rugs—Muffs—in stock.

108 GRAFTON ST. DUBLIN.

ULSTER *for* HOLIDAYS

The New Guide for 1929
Free on Application to the:—

Ulster Tourist Development Association, Ltd.,

6, Royal Avenue, BELFAST,

or from the Offices of the Leading Railway, Steamship, and Tourist Agencies.

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ESTABLISHED 1851.

ONLY ADDRESS:

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SUMMER CLOTHING, 1929.

All Stable Utensils kept in Stock.

Super Twill linen Summer Sheet, Check patterns, as follows.
(Blue and white; red and white; green and white: red, white and blue)
Rug, 21/6 Roller, 10/6 Fillet String 1/6
Second quality Linen Sheet " 13/6 " 10/6 " " 1/6
Letters, 1/3 and 1/6 Monos 1/6 a letter.
Extra Super London Colour Blankets, 7 × 8, 7 lbs. - - - - - - - - - 35/-
Do. do. 6 lbs. - - - - - - - - - 27/6
Night Rug, all interwoven, extra heavy, with Surcingle - - - - - - - - - 25/-
" lined grey throughout, heavy do. - - - - - - - - - 21/-
" cheaper quality, part lined do - - - - - - - - - 12/6
ALL WOOL COOLERS, FLEECE, BOUND BRAID, FOR POLO PONIES - - - 42/6
Cheaper quality, 36/6. Others, 27/6.
(As supplied to the Argentine, Jodhpur and leading Polo Clubs.)
Polo Headstall, hand sewn, brass furniture, white buff front - - - - - - - - 21/-
Best gut and bone Polo Whip, 25/-. Gut and hide ditto, 12/6
Plaited Kangaroo hide and bone, 25/-. Plaited Kangaroo hide and hide, 18/6.

"THE GATEWAY OF IRELAND"

DUN LAOGHAIRE (Kingstown)

ON THE ROYAL MAIL ROUTE

Beautifully situated on the southern shore of Dublin Bay, six miles from the Capital. The most accessible and up-to-date Seaside Resort in Ireland. Exhilarating sea and mountain air. Abundant sunshine. Equable temperature. Magnificent piers and promenades. Charming scenic surroundings. Open sea bathing. Modern medical baths. Boating, Golf (18-hole course), Tennis. Yachting, the chief centre in Ireland. Good Hotels and Boarding Houses. Most convenient touring centre for the "Garden of Ireland."

Owing to its unique position on the Royal Mail Route between London and Dublin, Dun Laoghaire can be easily and quickly reached from all parts of Great Britain. The Royal Mail Trains from London to Holyhead are among the fastest and best on the L.M.S. Line. At Holyhead you step off the train into the boat. The boats that carry the Irish Mails are famous the world over for speed and comfort. They make the fastest crossing, and take the shortest route (2¼ hours). In nine hours from London you are in Dun Laoghaire.

GUIDE AND ACCOMMODATION LIST free from Publicity Bureau, Town Hall, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin.

Attractive Tailor-made Coat from SWITZERS (Dublin), cut on distinctive lines, in smart suitings and light-weight tweeds.

Switzers

GRAFTON ST., DUBLIN.

MACKEY'S SEEDS BULBS PLANTS

AWARDED GOLD MEDALS at Royal Hort. Society's Shows, BALLSBRIDGE for

Begonias, Rock Plants, 1926, Antirrhinums, 1927, Sweet Peas, Gladioli, 1928

CATALOGUES FREE.

SIR JAS. W. MACKEY LTD.
23, Upper O'Connell Street, DUBLIN

TENNIS COURTS

Reliable & Economical

"DURA"

Terra Cotta Tennis Courts. Grey Green Tennis Courts. Requiring minimum of upkeep in watering and rolling. Eight "Dura" Courts are being constructed at the "Lido," Venice.

"Soveran"

Porous Hard Court. Permanent, Dustless, Faultless, Unaffected by climatic change. Porous in all weathers. No expense in upkeep. The First Cost is the Last.

MAXWELL M. HART
162 BUCHANAN ST., GLASGOW
39 Victoria Street, - London, S.W.1
Specialists in the construction of Ornamental Gardens of Charm and Distinction.

ERIN for SPORT

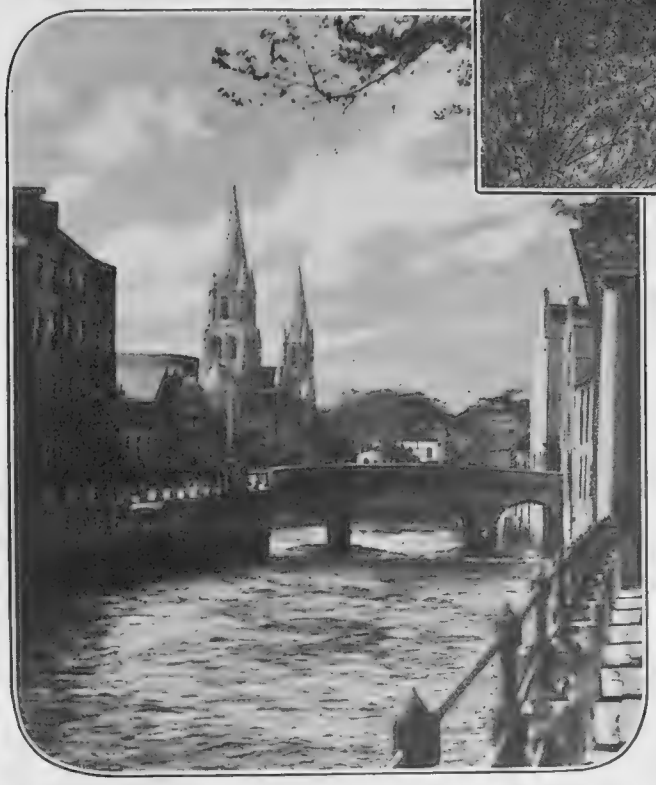
By W. SIBBALD MALCOLM

Ireland offers unique opportunities to the holiday-maker who enjoys the open air. Golf, fishing, riding and shooting can be enjoyed and the country is rich in beauty spots and historical associations

I.T.A.

IN COUNTY DONEGAL

A picturesque corner of the River Clady, in Co. Donegal. The mountain in the background is Mount Errigal



I.T.A.

A view of Cork showing the South Gate Bridge with St. Finbarr's Cathedral in the background

IN the last few years Ireland has done a great deal to make itself attractive to the tourist, and it has done it well. Of course, Ireland has always been known as the angler's retreat and the fisherman's paradise, but too few people know where to go to get the best piscatorial advantages of this Waltonian promised land.

THERE are many places that are good, and some that are better; of those that are best I suggest two in particular to the crowd-tired trout-fisherman. The Loughs of Leitrim are a haven for him where he will find neither tin-can nor tripper, and if he is willing to venture into a part that is unknown not only to the above, but also to the train, I suggest a few weeks spent by the Karagh Lake in Kerry.

THE last-named is difficult of access, but the successful adventurer will find that sport is very, very good.

FOR the salmon-fishers the Blackwater, in the West, is still one of the finest waters in the world. The hunting season is not yet upon us, but when it is it will be found that even more of the *habitués* of the shires than last year will come to the bog and bank country—and small wonder either.

WHAT a country for horses Ireland is! Its racing is splendid, as has been shown by the way that their three-year-olds mopped us up this year, and now Cragadour has been bought by the greatest of Irish singers to give a further bit of spice to the big races. Incidentally, Dick More O'Ferrall, under whose charge this great horse has been put, must be one of the youngest trainers that can ever have been known; it is only three or four years since he was one of Oxford's most popular undergraduates.

Phœnix Park is most conveniently situated, and is without question the best Metropolitan course—with the exception of Longchamps—in the world.

AUGUST visitors must not miss the Dublin Horse Show on the fourth to the eighth of that month; it is as fine as is expected from a country of horse-breeders, fanciers, followers, and—be it whispered—copers.

I NEED hardly mention Portrush in Antrim and the beautiful island course of Malahide, near Dublin, to golf lovers. They are both too well known internationally to need introduction. The hospitality at both is delightful and the golf excellent, both being "sporting" courses in every sense of the word.

MALAHIDE is, I suppose, the most interesting seaside island course in the world, with the exception of one or two in Florida and California. The unwary smiter, however, will feel fully qualified to write for a certain daily paper on "the realities of hell." The nineteenth hole, nevertheless, will fully justify any agony undergone on the others. There is now a fast bus service between Cork and the North. It operates daily, and the buses are as comfortable as they are convenient. The roads have lately been vastly improved, and are better than ever before—they needed to be.

TALKING of the roads, it may please some people to note that a contract for cleaning the streets of Dublin has been given to a French firm! As

the aboriginals have always been completely heedless of the most elementary facts of city hygiene, and the English were singularly apathetic about this as regards a race whom they consider to be "funny that way," this is a distinct step in the right direction.

AEROPLANES can now be hired at the Dublin Aerodrome for civil purposes, thus bringing the comforts of a home to the harassed financier who finds that United Raindrops have fallen heavily and his presence is urgently required in Carey Street.

TO those in search of beauty Ireland will always lead the field of European countries. Poets and painters are never tired of extolling the beauties of the Lakes of Killarney, but I can warn visitors who think that they would like to drive around them that jaunting cars are permissible, although taxis and motor cars are not, in some parts of them. It is surprising how comfortable jaunting cars are, in spite of their ungainly appearance, and their Jehus are, invariably, gems of wit and irrelevance.

W. A. Green

The Rope Bridge at Carrick-a-Rede. It is near the Giant's Causeway, the world-famous columnar structure of great beauty

IT is amazing how Irishmen stick together; the safest way to journey through New York is to don the name of Patrick O'Fraherty, or some such, as, if forced through a motor accident to give it to a policeman, the other man will always be in the wrong.

DOG-RACING is, I believe, not so popular in England as it was a year or two ago, but if any visitors to Ireland fancy owning a racing greyhound they cannot do better than buy one in the home of them. The country is famous for the breeding of them, and the price will be less than in England.

NO visit to Ireland would be complete without seeing a performance of the Irish Players at the Abbey Theatre. Our very own Sarah Allgood has deserted us for the more lucrative field of English musical comedy and the such-like, but the old brilliance is still there.

ONE last word: The visitor to Dublin must not leave without going to Trinity College Museum to see the "Book of Kells," the most superb illuminated manuscript ever discovered.

W. S. M.

DELIGHTFUL DUBLIN

The Capital City of the Free State, abounding in Historic Buildings, First Class Hotels, and unrivalled amusement.

Fifteen minutes' drive to mountain or sea, and a choice of inland and seaside resorts offering a wealth of golf, tennis, fishing, racing, and other sports. With a delightful combination of old and new — grave and gay — you cannot have a dull moment in Dublin.

Special Attraction International Horse Show, August 5, 6, 7, 8.

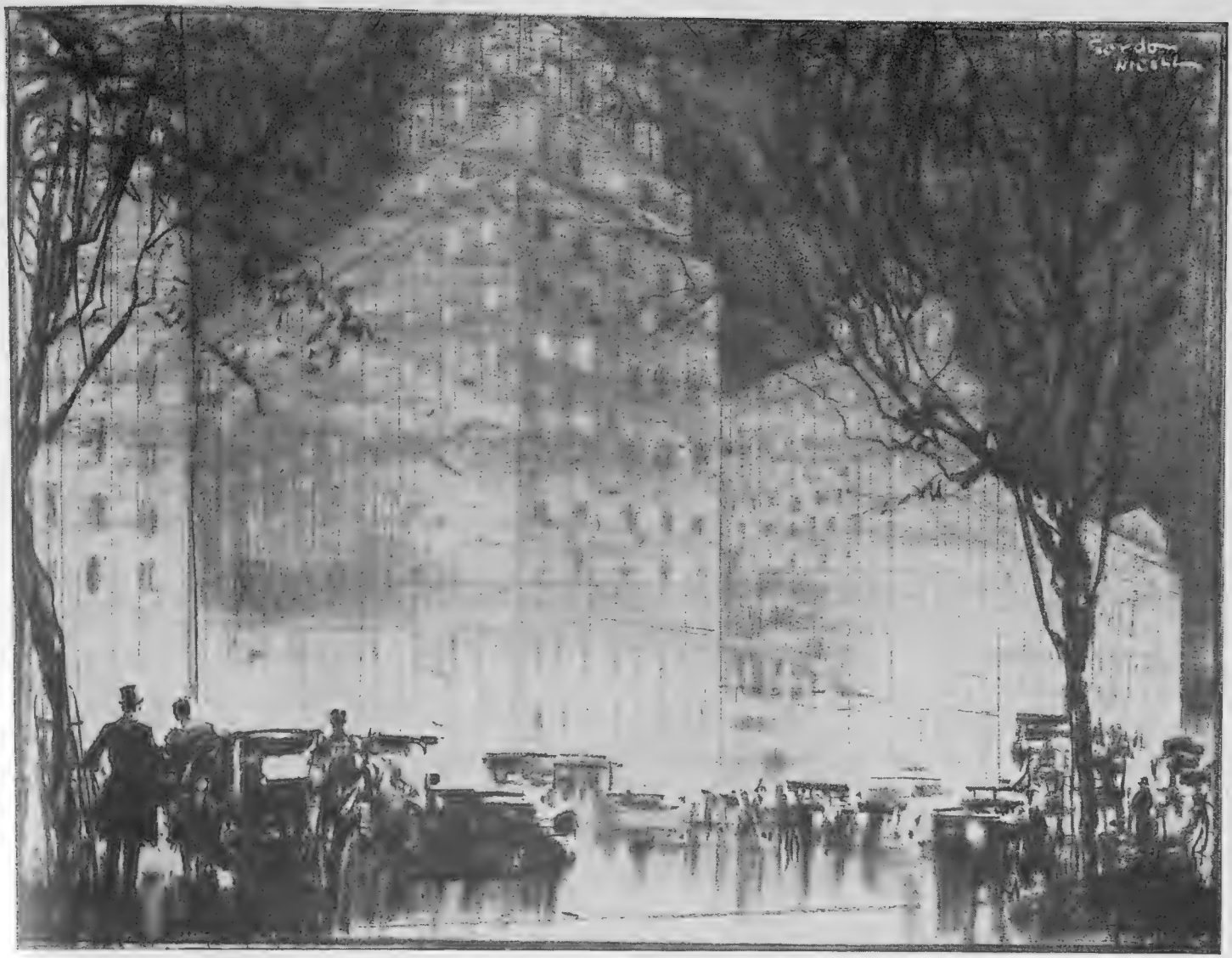
Civic Week September 7 to 14.

Full particulars and illustrated folder gladly sent on receipt of postcard.

NO PASSPORTS NECESSARY.

See IRELAND *First*

IRISH TOURIST ASSOCIATION, 14 LR. O'CONNELL ST., DUBLIN.



GROSVENOR HOUSE – *THE HOTEL*

Grosvenor House, now open as Europe's leading Hotel, is already an outstanding feature of the London season. As the most modern and superbly equipped hotel in the world it has given to Britain a new and unrivalled attraction.

DELIGHTFUL SITUATION
Park Lane, in Mayfair, the most exclusive residential quarter of London coupled with the charming outlook over Hyde Park, gives to Grosvenor House the finest position of any hotel in London and, indeed, in the world.

BEDROOMS each with BATHROOM
The varied colour schemes in the bedrooms are both novel and artistic in a high degree. Each bedroom has its own bathroom and in all bathrooms there is running iced water for drinking.

MAGNIFICENT RESTAURANT
The Restaurant has already become famous, not only by reason of the admirable cuisine, but of the unusual and arresting colour scheme and lighting effects—an entirely new departure in hotel decoration. The Orchestra plays during lunch and dinner and there is Dancing from 9.30 to 2 a.m. every evening.

TUDOR GRILL ROOM
The Grill Room embodies the dignity, the peace and the comfort of the Tudor style. The luncheon and dinner are of a character that London does not offer elsewhere.

BALL & BANQUETING SUITE
There is a great range of Banqueting Halls, Ballrooms and private Dining Rooms. Grosvenor House is ideal for Wedding Receptions and can accommodate in fact private functions of every kind, from a private dinner party of a dozen guests to a banquet for two thousand.

SELF-CONTAINED SUITES
There are a number of charming self-contained suites in a variety of colour schemes. They are of every size, affording the atmosphere of a perfect home.

GROSVENOR HOUSE

THE ONLY HOTEL IN PARK LANE

LONDON, W.

Telephone—Grosvenor 6363 *Telegrams and Cables—"Grovhows, Audley, London"*

MOTOR NOTES

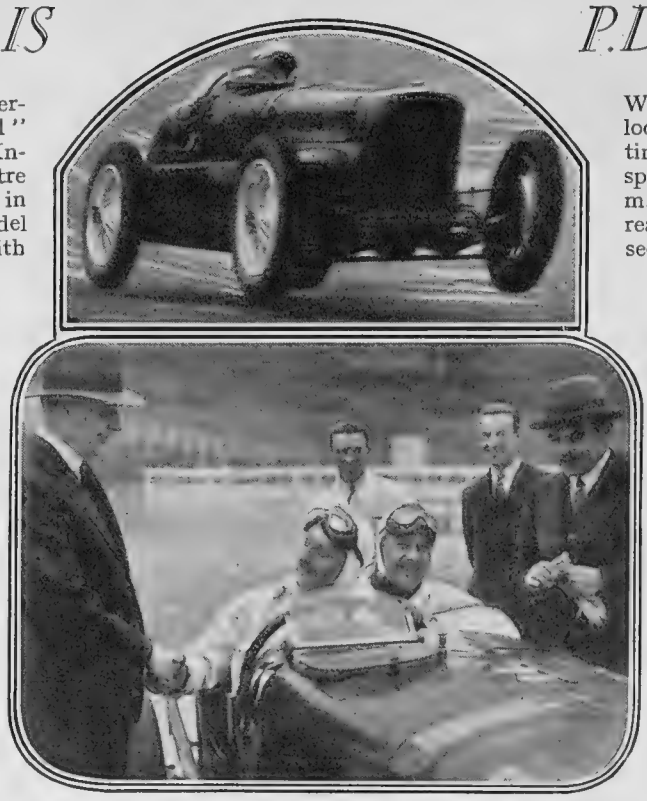
A CAR THAT IS P.D.Q.!

By E. M. WRIGHT

"THE car with the most wonderful performance in the world" is the title claimed by the Invicta people for their latest 4½-litre model. There must be something in the claim when one sees this model ranged against a supercharged car with a power output of some 220 b.h.p. in an argument in the motor Press as to which car has the finest acceleration up to 85 or 90 m.p.h. And the most remarkable thing about the Invicta, in fact, judging from a short run I had recently with Mr. W. Long, the sales manager, is that, although claimed to possess this high speed, it is perfectly docile at low speeds, and may be driven at walking pace on top gear. There must be few cars of which this can be claimed: that they will do from 3 to nearly 90 m.p.h. on the same gear ratio.

***

ONE test I carried out recently will give just a glimpse of the Invicta's performance. I asked to be allowed to time the get-away from standstill to 30 m.p.h. Now, in accelerating from 10 to 30 m.p.h. seven seconds is a good figure and six seconds is remarkably good, so that will give an idea of what I expected from 0 to 30 m.p.h. on the Invicta. When I gave the word "Go!" I was looking at the stop-watch. By the time I had adjusted my eyes to the speedometer needle it was at 25 m.p.h., and when 30 m.p.h. was reached the watch showed barely five seconds! Another test was to climb the fearsome gradient of Netherhall Gardens, Hampstead, on top gear, from what was practically a standing start. I look forward to a fuller trial of this remarkable car.



Harratt

Kaye Don seen going all out and being congratulated by Sir Walter Peacock and Baron Legatinerie after setting up new world's records at Brooklands for the Standing Mile, the Flying Mile, the Standing Kilo, and the Flying Kilo. He drove a Sunbeam

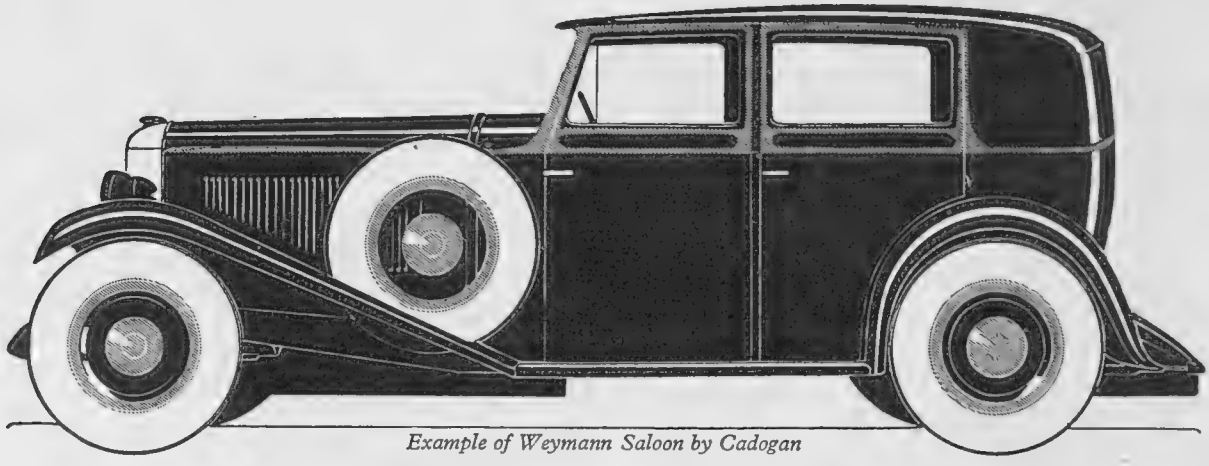
***

IT would hardly seem possible that there is still room for the pioneer in the world of motor salesmanship. But there is. In opening their magnificent new showrooms at the corner of Burlington Gardens (Bond Street, London), Messrs. Auto-Auctions, Ltd., signalled the event by acquiring the world distributorship for the "Bluebird" light aeroplane. And there it is to be seen in conjunction with the company's more ordinary "lines," such as the Rolls-Royce, Bentley, Hillman Straight Eight, Armstrong Siddeley and Morris cars.

***

THIS light aeroplane also sets a new note. Produced by the Blackburn Aeroplane Co., it has

(Continued on page 108)



Example of Weymann Saloon by Cadogan

"I did not care in the least, while I drove this most interesting car, whether it could do 100 miles an hour or whether its b.h.p. was 100 or 1,000. What fascinated me was that, with a back-axle gearing of 4½ to 1 and a weight, with a full-sized Weymann saloon, of something like 28 cwt. it could get away as if it had half the wind-resistance and half the weight. My favourite top-gear test hill was taken faster than I have ever done it before. Pebblecombe Hill, with its rapidly steeping gradient of 1 in 6, only just managed to bring her down from top to third."—*John Prioleau in the "Illustrated London News" Dec. 8th, 1928* ∽ Long chassis 10′ 6″ wheelbase, 4′ 8″ track, £1050. Trial runs by appointment with the Invicta Car Sales Co., 11 Albemarle St., London, W.1. Telephone: Regent 2608/9

THE 4½-LITRE

INVICTA

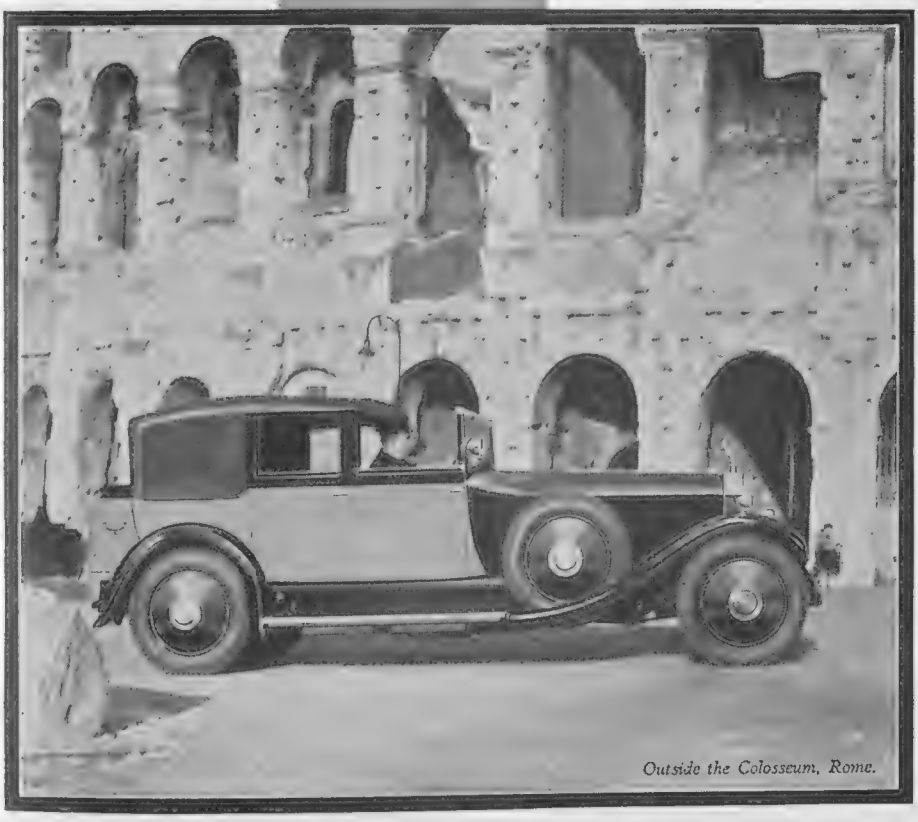
ROLLS-ROYCE

The Best Car in the World

"There is nothing in my experience that approaches anywhere near this Rolls-Royce with its many combinations of delights. I refer to its silkiness in pulling, silence in working; its acceleration and speed; its wonderful braking power and its ease of adjustment; its get-at-ability to every part and its perfection of detail and equipment; its beautiful workmanship and finish and its wonderful comfort on a long journey.
There is no other vehicle in the world, on earth, sea or in the air (and I have travelled on all) that can in any way compete with the Rolls-Royce in its combined accomplishments."

Owner's Opinion, ref. 2017

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED, 14-15 Conduit Street, London, W.1
Telephone Mayfair 6040



Outside the Colosseum, Rome.

A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

By Appointment to His Majesty the King.

By Appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

HOOPER & Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd

AGENTS FOR ALL LEADING MOTOR CARS.

Motor-Body-Builders and Coachbuilders

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HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
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H.M. THE KING OF SPAIN.
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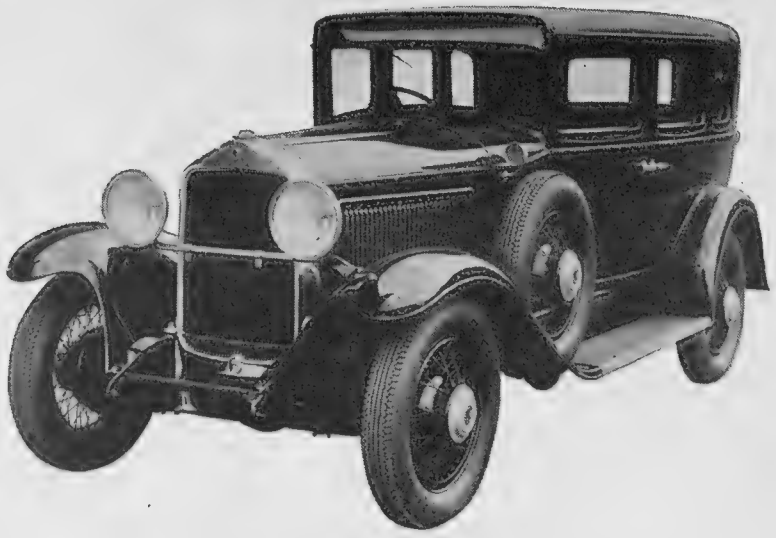
H.I.H. THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.
H.M. THE KING OF EGYPT.
H.I.M. THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

54, St. JAMES'S STREET
PICCADILLY, LONDON, S.W.1

Kennington Service.

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 106)



The new 70B Willys-Knight sleeve-valve Six. It is of outstanding value at the moderate price of £395 complete

two side-by-side seats, which is obviously much more sociable than the usual arrangement. The machine is of all-metal construction, and can be equipped with a coupé head when desired. Arrangements have also been made for flying ground and clubhouse accommodation at Heston Aerodrome, on the Great West Road, for the benefit of customers. Messrs. Auto-Auctions, Ltd., will naturally continue the other branches of their business, such as the weekly motor car auctions at Horseferry Road, Westminster; the overseas or "home on leave" guaranteed repurchase scheme; and part exchange business for new or used cars.

***

THE new 70B Willys - Knight sleeve - valve Six is a really remarkable achievement in value, even amongst Willys - Knight cars, which have always been outstanding in this respect. The four-door five-seater saloon has adjustable front seats and furniture hide upholstery, chromium-plated radiator and fittings, and all essentials to comfort at the remarkably modest figure of £395 complete A feature of the Knight sleeve-valve engine is, of course, the absence of poppet valves and its consequent simplicity, reliability and long life.

***

THE 3-litre Sunbeam, entered by Mr. A. F. Nolan, of Dublin, for the Irish Grand Prix in Phœnix Park, is—it is now announced—to be driven by Captain Malcolm Campbell. The announcement is of special interest in view of Captain Campbell's recent return from his record-breaking attempts in South Africa and his long association with Sunbeam, and also on account of the performance of the 350 h.p. Sunbeam, with which he attained the speed of 150.87 h.p. at Pendine in July, 1925.

***

NEVER was an exhibit more appropriately termed than the revolving chassis of a Citroën Six which is now touring the country, after having been on exhibition in the Citroën showrooms at Devonshire House. This chassis revolves round and round on its own axis, displaying every part to view, whilst at the same time, by means of a loud-speaker, a running commentary on the various features of the chassis is heard. Its designation—"the chassis that speaks for itself"—is undeniably apt. E. M. W.

THIS WEEK'S HINT

LUBRICATING THE GEAR BOX AND BACK AXLE.

SOMETHING more than regular attention is required in the lubrication of the gear box and the back axle, as, apart from maintaining the lubricant at its proper level, it is particularly necessary to ensure that a suitable grade is used. The old oil should be drained off at fairly frequent intervals. If one is a beginner and is liable at times to crash the gears, it is necessary to drain off the old lubricant in the gear box, say, every 2,000 miles, since bad gear-changing will chip the teeth, and if such fragments of metal are left to collect the gears and the bearings will suffer seriously in consequence. It is not enough to use *any* thick oil in either gear box or back axle—and never use grease. Use the grade recommended by the makers of the oil itself. Replenish the supply just after the car has been running and the lubricant is warm, and when doing so take every precaution to prevent dirt or grit entering. Do not over-fill with lubricant, as this is not only wasteful of oil, but also of engine power, and some of the lubricant is liable to leak on to the brakes.

Two motorists chose everything alike except the OIL! The agent who sold them their cars recommended CASTROL. He said that nine out of ten car manufacturers recommend it. So Mr. Mee got Castrol. But Mr. Hee saved twopence on the gallon by getting some other sort.

Mr. Mee's car has already "run in." But Mr. Hee's car is still "newish." Mr. Hee finds his engine overheats quickly. Whereas Mr. Mee's engine remains cool and smoothly running even after long periods of high speed.

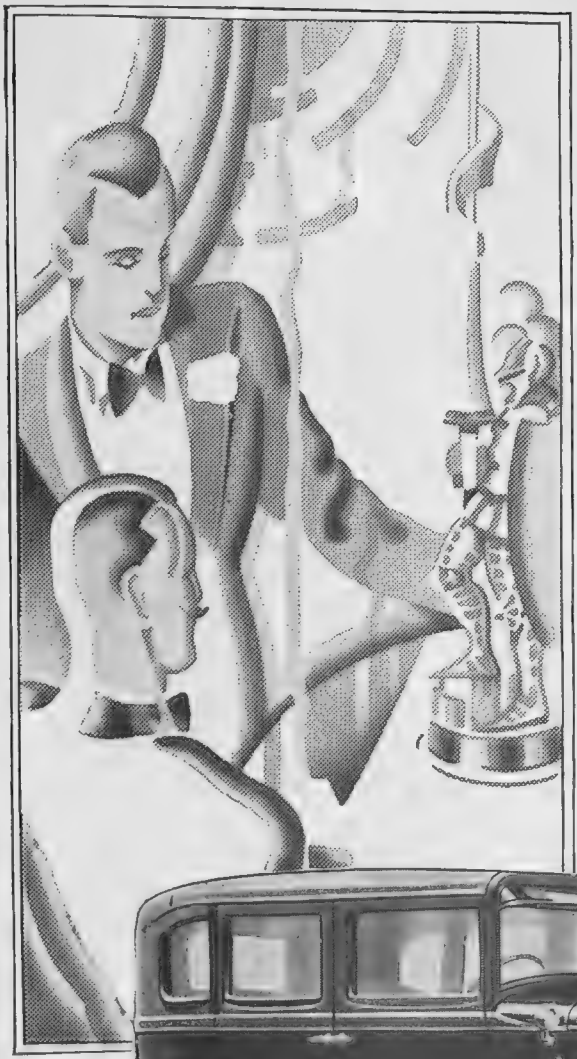
Mr. Hee can't make it out . . . .

But the OIL was different!

CASTROL

. . . Reduces friction to a fraction!

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD., All-British Firm, Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.



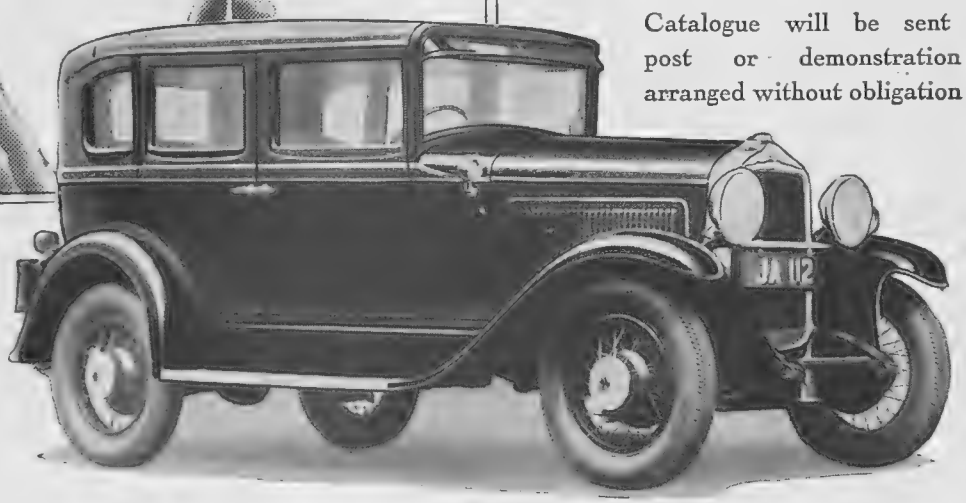
that reminds me!

"That trophy of yours always reminds me of a Willys Knight, and it reminds me too, that I must go and see their new 70 "B" model tomorrow."

The new Willys Knight 70 "B" combines the outstanding advantages and silken efficiency of a 6-cylinder double sleeve-valve engine with a luxurious 5-seater Saloon body of essentially modern design.

To see this car is to realise the charm of its pleasing appearance and the inviting comfort of its deep-cushioned interior. To try it on the road is to experience a new motoring pleasure and to appreciate the amazing value of this 4-door 6-cylinder Saloon.

Catalogue will be sent by return post or demonstration arranged without obligation **£395**



The New Willys-Knight Six

WILLYS OVERLAND CROSSLEY LTD.
HEATON CHAPEL . . . . . STOCKPORT

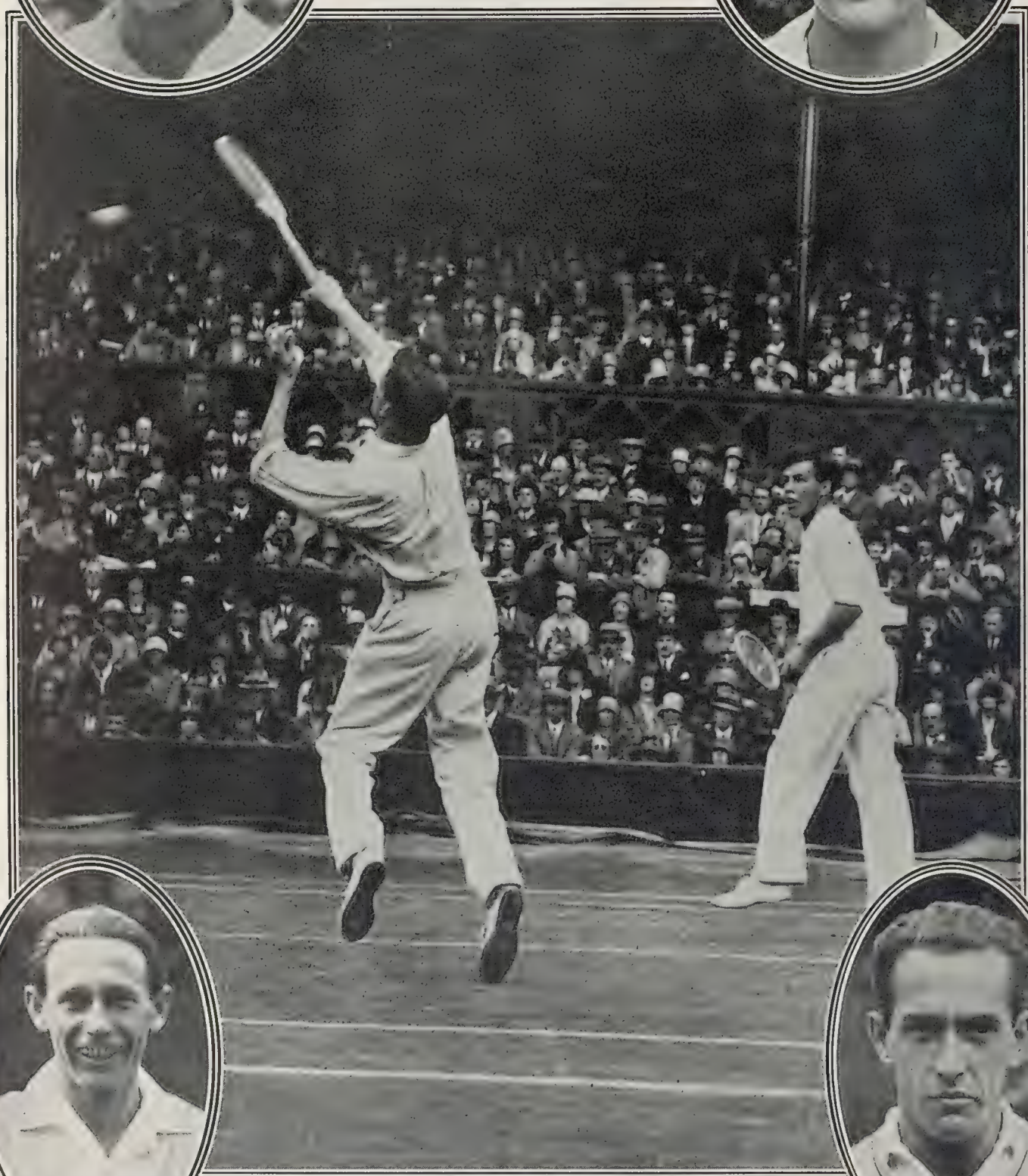
London Showrooms: 151/153 and 117, Gt. Portland Street, W.1.
Export: Heaton Chapel.
Service Depot: 111, Lots Road, Chelsea, London, S.W.10.

Scotland: Macharg, Rennie & Lindsay, Ltd., 8/28, Berkeley St., Charing Cross, Glasgow.
Ireland: Robert Callow & Sons, 44, Westland Row, Dublin.

C.D.C.

SOME WIMBLEDON FINALISTS

WHO FIGURED ON THE FAMOUS CENTRE COURT LAST WEEK



Photopress and I.N.A.

The two Women's Singles finalists—both Americans—Miss Helen Wills and Miss Helen Jacobs, are seen inset left and right at the top of the page, whilst the two Frenchmen who fought out the Men's Singles, Jean Borotra and Henri Cochet, are seen left and right at the bottom. The big photograph shows I. G. Collins (left) and Dr. J. C. Gregory in action against G. M. Lott and J. F Hennessey, whom they beat in the semi-final of the Doubles, to be the first British pair to reach the final round since 1923

BY DE ROBEC

"AN ECLIPSE OF THE SON"

BY KIPPA

(K) NOT ENTHUSIASTS

THE "NEW TAILORING"—*the fit is assured when you choose clothes instead of cloth*

EXPERT OPINION

The more critical a man is about clothes, the deeper his appreciation of these suits. Their cloth, cut and finish prove that the "New Tailoring" has concentrated with real success upon producing the kind of clothes exacting men expect—for considerably less than they expect to pay.

6 *to* 10 *guineas*

TEN
"NEW TAILORING"
CENTRES
103-113 Regent Street,
W.1
24 Coventry St., W.1
and
13 Fenchurch Street,
E.C.3

Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds & Bristol

AUSTIN REED'S
of REGENT STREET

Fashions Fancies

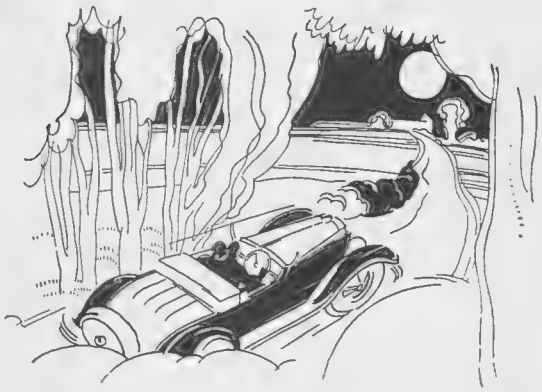
THE ETON *v.* HARROW MATCH

A forecast of the fashions for all ages that will be seen at Lord's this week. They come from Peter Robinson's and were especially sketched for "The Bystander" by Miss Helen McKie. Many of the younger girls will be wearing frocks in which Eton and Harrow colours will be present

'Thanks awfully for a lovely time, Jim dear

I've not enjoyed myself so much for centuries. It is marvellous at Bray, isn't it? . . . Yes! do let's go again—Sunday.'

There's a different atmosphere down at Bray. Dinner served in delightful rooms. Capital cabaret. Dancing under the trees by the river's edge at the Hotel de Paris.



Finest fleet of fast new cars in the world. 2-seaters, or saloons. No trouble, no time lost. The car is brought right to your door. When you get back, we will come and take it away. To Bray and back, 60/-. Ring up Regent 7618-9, 26, Albemarle St., W.1. A perfect dinner, divine dancing and intriguing cabaret at the Hotel de Paris on the river's edge. Weekdays, 12/6 per head. Sunday, 17/6 per head.

And the perfect way to get there - G.D. it! Ring up Godfrey Davis for one of his fast new cars, all 1929 models. Yours for the evening. You drive yourself.

"G.D." it to the *HOTEL DE PARIS* at Bray!

G.D. Cars run on PRATT'S Oils.

THE CHARM OF LOVELY LINGERIE

The woman who uses the wonderful Arline preparations has nothing to fear from the hand of Time

The Quest of Beauty

With the London season in full swing, clothes to be bought for Cowes and the Lido, and the sales to be visited, life is apt to be a very hectic affair. So much so that even debutantes are beginning to show signs of fatigue, and elder women are becoming increasingly reluctant to study themselves in the mirror. This is not the case with those who avail themselves of the benefit of Madame Arline's advice. In her delightfully decorated salons at 6, Basil Street, everybody is welcomed and given advice upon beauty culture, absolutely free of charge. The care of the hair, complexion, hands, eyebrows and lashes and the necessity of building up good health are thoroughly understood there, and treatments are given by experts, while the well-known Arline preparations, which are based upon scientific research, supply those things which are needed, in just the correct proportions. Her Bleaching Cream is invaluable at this time of the year, and her Oriental Cleansing Oil frees the pores from all impurities and makes the skin radiantly clean and firm.

Thrilling Opportunities

One of the events which is rousing much interest just now is the sale at Marshall and Snelgrove's, of Oxford Street, which will continue until July 27. At the foot of this page are sketched some attractive undergarments which come from them, and which have been greatly reduced in price. The plain *crêpe de Chine* nightdress, for instance, with its V neck edged with lace, costs only 21*s.* 9*d.*, while the patterned one is available in really lovely colours for 29*s.* 6*d.*, and the cami-knickers may be procured for the same price. Those who are about to depart to the sea will be interested in the neat 10*s.* 6*d.* swimmer in black and white stockinette. There are beautiful lace gowns for 8½ guineas, two-piece *crêpe de Chine* suits for 94*s.* 6*d.*, and stockinette three-piece costumes for 84*s.* These things give some indication of the advantageous offers which are being made.

French Fashions

It is by no means every day that one has an opportunity of buying real French garments at prices which have been drastically reduced. At the Galeries Lafayette, Regent Street, there are delightful Schappe silk tennis dresses, decorated with drawn thread work, and cretonne jumper suits which are gay and inexpensive for seaside wear. Exceptional bargains are to be secured in the glove and hosiery departments.

Tailored Costumes

The summer sale which is now proceeding at H. J. Nicoll's, of Regent Street, affords excellent opportunities to secure well-cut flannel suits at the amazingly low price of 3½ guineas, double- and single-breasted tailored costumes in Harris tweed being available for 6 guineas. Shantung cardigan suits in charming colours cost 35*s.* 6*d.* and long silk coats at 3½ guineas must be seen to be fully appreciated.

Sketches by Beta

A delightful nightdress in floral crêpe de Chine and a pastel-hued lingerie set from Marshall and Snelgrove

Memories of the Lovable Fragrance

The Eternal Feminine

In Sir Joshua Reynolds' portraits She is elaborately demure, in deference to my lord the Earl of Chesterfield with his Warning against Laughter. But Sir William Orpen shows Her smiling, debonair and gay. ¶ Then She would tell of Her Excessive Obligation to that Excellent Creature Yardley for his Exquisite Perfume of Lavender. Now She simply says She loves it. ¶ The more things change, the more this lovable fragrance is the same delightful thing. Wistful. Winsome. Caressing. Cool. And to the weary and the sick the very breath of solace and peace.

YARDLEY'S LAVENDER

Of all Chemists, Coiffeurs, & Stores

Bottles from 16/6 *to* 2/6

Decanters from 21/-

YARDLEY
8 New Bond Street
LONDON

¶ The Yardley Lavender Series includes Lavender Soap—*'The Luxury Soap of the World'*—2/6 a box of three tablets, Face Powder 1/9, Compact 2/-, or with Rouge 3/6, Face Cream 1/6, Talcum Powder 1/2, Bath Salts 2/6, and Gift Cases in charming variety 2/9–70/-.

Since 1770

THE SURGEON'S KNIFE (continued from page 90)

if she looked at death, or the mirage called hell. I saw her shaking, shaking like a paralytic in an appalling effort to throw off the fumes of opium and come to life. It was as if a soul imprisoned in stone was breaking its prison to escape, or as if something buried alive was beating its coffin walls to pieces. And then at last she forced the words out between her chattering teeth: *'This is my daughter!'*

"The crone broke into wild outcry and denial. But the little girl hung her gilded idol's head. The mother stared at her in a despair . . . . can you figure it? She stared as if she would read to the soul's depths of that child with the gilded finger-nails and the little painted face. It was as though she should measure her own guilt by that which she saw in the black-rimmed eyes. Who knows what she saw? I am not a woman, to be able to read in a girl-child's eyes . . . . but from what happened to them afterwards you shall guess it.

"Then she turned to the frightened, mumbling hag and spoke to her—words few and simple. Just that she would return and squeeze the life from her foul yellow throat if she found that she had reason to. And she and I and the weeping child in her idol's clothes were packed into the rickshaw and went home.

"When we got in with the child, Heliane gave one look at the *congai's* face of terror. Then she took Young-Tchi by her shoulders and flung her down the little back flight of stairs. Whether Young-Tchi, who had sold the child night by night to the Chinese hag, was unhurt, maimed, or dead, no one ever asked.

"THEN Madame Saint-Lambert turned to me. I could not look at her face, my friends. Imagine the eyes of the damned, round whom flicker eternal flames! And yet, no—for do we not figure the damned defiant in their anguish? Imagine, then, the eyes of one who, in a dream, she walked the ways of sin, and, waking, finds herself in hell! . . . and yet, it was not that. For each has the strength to suffer for himself. But do but figure that you have each one, with your own hand, pushed the most helpless and the best-loved creature in your life into a bottomless abyss. . .

"She said to me: 'Good-bye. We shall not meet again,' standing there with her arms about the little frightened girl. But she was wrong . . . . as it happens."

"You have seen her?" said De Fréville, who had—a tribute—let his cigar go out.

"To-day," said Lamartine slowly.

Hartwell gave a sudden start. A face swam before his vision . . . . the face he had seen that afternoon, the face the colour of old ivory, with black eyes dulled with continual weeping. Even so would a woman look who ——.

"I think I have guessed," he said.

"Tell us," said the doctor, with his twisted smile.

"The Reverend Mother at the hospital—that woman with the tragic face, and the little nun who was with her? Aren't those the two? You were right, Lamartine, then . . . . you've proved the efficacy of the surgeon's knife. Only, the patient might have died under the operation!"

"Far from that," smiled Lamartine. "She made a far more complete recovery than you think. Ah, you Anglo-Saxons, with your hidden love of drama! My friends, I shall permit myself to be indiscreet . . . . Hartwell leaves for England next month, De Fréville sails for Hong-Kong to-morrow. In any case, I know that I may trust to your honour. 'Heliane' is ——"

The door opened. Madame Duquesne appeared. The doctor had to finish his sentence by a gesture. For just one moment he looked back through a mist of years into those dark eyes. But those eyes did not even see him, or, if they saw him, would not remember.

"Messieurs, I cannot tell you how sorry I am," said the comfortable voice. "To think my husband never told me he had been called away! I cannot sufficiently apologise."

"It is we who should apologise, madame," said De Fréville. "We were just coming to join you, but, as you know, we are old *camarades* who must separate to-morrow, and we were exchanging a final yarn."

Hartwell said nothing. He looked at the rounded, peachy face of Mademoiselle Thérese, so unreadable in its innocence. He met the kind smile of Madame Duquesne from behind the rose-shaded lamp . . . . and tried in vain to glimpse the idol-child, the dark, tormented eyes of Heliane. D. B.

THE BENGUELA RAILWAY

The New Highway to Central Africa by

LOBITO BAY

THE FINEST NATURAL HARBOUR ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA

Largest Liners can enter at any time of the day or night.

BY FAR THE SHORTEST ROUTE

from England to Rhodesia and other parts of Southern Central Africa

Latest Type of Sleeping and Restaurant Cars built in British Workshops

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Dust is Unhealthy

You can't always avoid the other fellow's dust but you can avoid a dry irritating throat.

Dust is laden with germs and is a most efficient agent for spreading disease.

Keep your mouth clean and healthy with the "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles. You will like their refreshing taste of pure Black Currant Juice: their soothing properties are wonderful.

Your Chemist stocks them

In Tins 2 oz. 8d. 4 oz. 1/3

Allenburys *Glycerine & Black Currant* **PASTILLES**

BANTAM WEIGHT

This shoe gives an indefinable character to the man who wears it. Ideal for the Dinner, the Dance, the Theatre, Stage Wear and the Thé Dansant.

Stocked in BLACK BOX CALF, TAN WILLOW CALF, PATENT LEATHER . . . . . **32/6** *Postage 6d.*

ABBOTT PHIT-EESI

W. ABBOTT & SONS LTD.

44, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

(Next to the Monico.)

And on sale at all Abbotts' Shops.

DOGS

THE BREED'S THE THING

By "THE KENNELMAN"

Doggy folk who find themselves in holiday resorts at this season of the year should inquire as to dates and places of local Dog Shows. Some of them are very well worth a visit, if only for the opportunities they offer of meeting authentic Cards and Characters, human as well as canine. There is a Show at Eastbourne to-day (Wednesday); another at Redhill to-morrow; one at Paignton on the 17th, another at Lowestoft on the 25th, and quite a longish list for the first week in August.

As for one's own, the first thing to remember is that every normal Dog is keen to accompany his human friends when they go holidaying. Where this simply can't be managed the right-minded owner will see that the alternative arrangements made really safeguard the Dogs from solitary confinement or neglect. In many districts now there are quite jolly and dependable boarding establishments for Dogs, and the fact that those run on the right lines seldom, if ever, lack custom suggests that there's room for more yet of the kind in which each boarder is recognised as a person, and one, too, who must show a clean bill of health. For the canine boarder who can't the Vet.'s establishment is the proper place. Inquiries about such matters, and questions relating to feeding, housing, and all kinds of Doggy furnishings, should be sent not to the writer of these lines but to the Free Information Bureau, 40, St. Mary Axe, E.C.3.

Sport and General

Steventon Rags, the English Springer Spaniel which took First Prize at the Portsmouth and Southsea Open Dog Show. He is the property of Mrs. Steedman

The greater the popularity of the pedigree Dog, the less we shall see of that tragic figure: the homeless stray. These unfortunates are a misery to themselves, a danger to Dogdom, and a discredit to the community. When the propagation of come-by-chance mongrels ceases there will be no more homeless strays. Therefore, it's good to know that almost sixty thousand pedigree Dogs were registered at the Kennel Club last year, in addition to which there is always a considerable number whose owners neglect to give them the registration which is every good Dog's due, and now costs only half a crown.

Of the total K.C. registrations the great majority come into the sporting category, only eighteen thousand being of non-sporting breeds. The eminently English Fox Terriers easily headed the list: Smooths 773, Wires 2,326. Setters and Spaniels, including the beloved Cocker, ranked very high, and so did the Retrievers, including Labradors. Airedales came very near the thousand mark; Alsatians were 1,551, and Pekingese 1,072. Dachshunds are on the up grade: Greyhounds, Whippets and Irish Wolfhounds did well; but the delightful little Bassets, most distinguished of miniature hounds, remain selectly rare, and even more so those hardy sportsmen, the Otterhounds. The statistics are all extremely healthy in that they show, not only continuous increase in Dog-keeping, but continuous growth in public knowledge of Dogs, and preference for the well and truly bred.

Willing CC15

Dog Food Manufacturers to H.M. King George V.

BY APPOINTMENT

DOGGERELS

No. 1.

Whether your dog is a show dog or just a homely mongrel, his eyes, ears and tail will express delight at the magic word "Shapes" — the new small biscuits for dogs of every age and breed. Four shapes: four flavours: Ginger, Fruit, Wheatmeal and Super.
"Each shape a flavour—each flavour a shape."

On receipt of a postcard giving name and address of your usual dealer we will post to you a liberal Free Sample.

I'm full of pep and mischief as
Becomes a "Growing Lad"
With a "Dandy" for a mother and a
Dachshund for a dad!
But in spite of being crossbred,
I've been reared the Spillers way,
And though I'm minus pedigree,
I'm ready for the fray.

"WHO SAID SHAPES!"

SPILLERS SHAPES (Assorted Sippets)

SPILLERS VICTORIA FOODS 19, JACOB STREET, BERMONDSEY, LONDON, S.E.1
Branch of Spillers Limited.

Spillers

ANATOMY FOR ARTISTS

Exhibition Camera Studies and Anatomical Diagrams for the use of Artists, Students, Sculptors, Designers and others, for legitimate study only.

Prospectus 1/-

B. Y. JAMES & CO.,
Burton Chambers, 79/81, London Rd. LIVERPOOL.

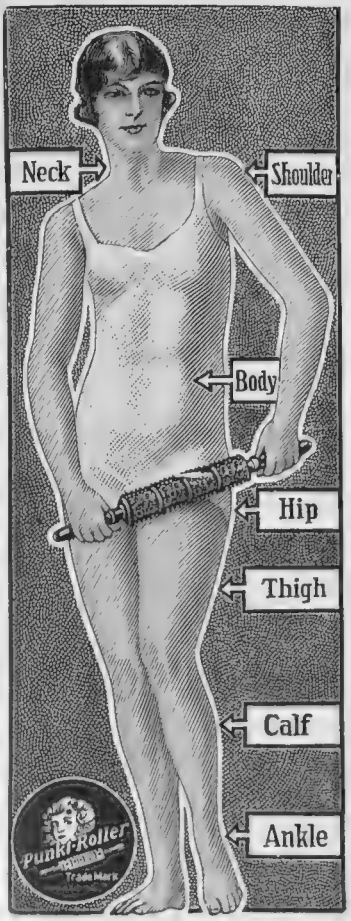
Stop that Cold with

VAPEX
(REG. TRADE MARK)
INHALANT

Simply put a drop of "Vapex" on your handkerchief and breathe the germ killing vapour which rises from it. This vapour becomes stronger and stronger as you inhale. You can feel it penetrating and clearing all the passages of the nose and throat.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.



REGULAR MASSAGE TREATMENT

is taken by those with money and time to spare. Do you know why? Because massage is recognised by leading medical men of all countries as a commonsense, natural remedy for a great many bodily ills. It is now, as never before, within the power of all to get rid of unwanted fat and alleviate rheumatism, gout, neuritis, neuralgia and kindred ailments by really scientific massage, for with the **PUNKT-ROLLER** you can procure for yourself in a simple, easy way, all the beneficial effects of expensive Hand Massage. The gentle kneading, persuading action of its rubber suction cups stimulates the circulation to dissolve and carry away fat cells and impurities. This is nature's own way. Lengthy gymastic exercises, properly supervised, achieve the same objects, but cannot remove superfluous fat from specific parts of the body.

The **Punkt-Roller** is a most effective form of massage. The exhilarating effects of five minutes' use leave the circulation sufficiently active to dissolve fat deposits. The invigorating sensation of fitness remains for hours. See for yourself, from day to day, how the use of the **Punkt-Roller** will slender and shape your hips, thighs and calves.

It's fine keeping fit with the Punkt-Roller.

Buy a Punkt-Roller to-day. But be sure it bears the Trade Mark — "Mark on the Brow" — No imitations are as effective.

STANDARD MODEL 25/-
Popular Model 19/6
Face Punkt-Roller 7/6
The Punkt Friction Spray, 5/-

To be obtained from all branches of ***BOOTS THE CHEMISTS,*** *all leading General Stores in London and the Provinces, and from all first-class chemists.*

Wholesale Distributors:
PUNKT PRODUCTS DEPOT (Dept. II), 41, Great Tower Street, E.C.3.

Telephone: Welbeck 8191 (4 lines).

DRUCE of BAKER ST.

DRUCE & COMPY., LTD. BAKER ST., LONDON. W.1.

Telegrams: "Supremely, London."

FURNISHERS & DECORATORS

SPECIAL PRICES IN FANCY & LEATHER GOODS

UNTIL JULY 31st ONLY

PRIOR TO REMOVAL INTO NEW PREMISES AT No. 55, BAKER STREET, W.1.

ALL REMAINING STOCK OF HAND-BAGS, SUIT CASES, & FANCY GOODS BEING CLEARED AT LESS THAN COST TO MAKE ROOM FOR NEW STOCK.

It's good if it's Druce's

Business as usual during alterations and extension of premises.

OSTEND

on your Summer Programme
will assure you of a most delightful holiday.

At THE KURSAAL

The World's Finest Music

Wonderful Dancing

A PALACE OF PLEASURE.
All the Attractions of Monte Carlo.

BOATING—RACING—GOLF—TENNIS.

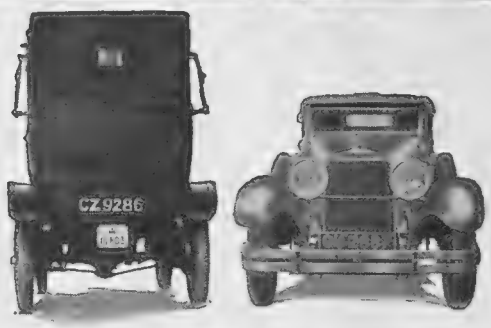
Miles of beautiful firm sands with exceptionally fine sea bathing.

The leading Hotels under the direction of the Kursaal:

THE ROYAL PALACE. THE CONTINENTAL.
THE OCEAN. THE LITTORAL PALACE.

YOU WILL NOT HAVE A DULL MOMENT AT OSTEND.

Warwick Wright Says



THE TERRIBLE TAXI THE SAFETY STUTZ

SOMETHING ought to be done about our London Taxi Cabs. Nearly all our visitors are amazed to see so many of these 20-year-old contraptions rattling about the streets.

One needs a step-ladder to get into them and they're sprung like Trucks.

Taxis ought to be as smart and low and as safe as the up-to-date cars obtainable at

150 New Bond Street
Mayfair 2004

THE GOURMET : : Conducted by EMILIA

Stuffed Eggs à la Russe

Cut four hard-boiled eggs in half crossways, remove the yolks and rub through a sieve, then mix with a little mayonnaise sauce. Fill the whites of the eggs with this, and then cover with a layer of caviare. Arrange the halves of eggs neatly on a dish of cress and keep on ice till required for table.

Sweetbread à la Financière

Wash a pair of sweetbreads, next blanch them for about ten minutes, and press them well. When quite cold cut away the sinewy fat and lard the surface of the sweetbread with thin strips of larding bacon. Put them in a stewpan lined with slices of bacon, sliced carrot and onion, and herbs. Moisten with a little stock and cover with greased paper. Braise carefully from twenty to thirty minutes. Take up and put the sweetbread in the oven to brown the fat. Strain the stock and reduce to a good glaze. Dish the sweetbread on a block of fried bread (*crouton*), and pour over the glaze. Garnish with a mixture of cooked ham and tongue, slices of truffle, and mushrooms cut in dice, previously warmed in a little of the glaze mixed with good brown sauce.

Grilled Lamb Cutlets with Green Peas

Cut some fairly thick cutlets from the best end of a neck of lamb, flatten them a little, and trim each cutlet neatly. Place them on or between a gridiron, over or in front of a clear good fire, and cook them for about ten minutes; turn them three or four times. Season the cutlets with salt and pepper, dish them up on a hot *entrée* dish with well-seasoned green peas in the centre. Gravy should be served with this dish.

Luncheon

Stuffed Eggs à la Russe.

Sweetbread à la Financière

or

Grilled Lamb Cutlets with Green Peas.

Pineapple Salad with Strawberries.

Coffee.

Pineapple Salad with Strawberries

Peel a ripe pineapple and cut it into thin slices. Mix with it bananas, oranges, cherries, and strawberries. Stone and cut up the fruit, and let it all soak for an hour or so in a syrup flavoured with a little brandy or liqueur.

SOME SUMMER SWEETS

Grape-fruit Orange Charlotte

Soak two tablespoonfuls of gelatine in half a cup of cold water, add half a cupful of boiling water and dissolve thoroughly. Add one cup of orange juice and sugar, one tablespoonful of grape-fruit juice, a pinch of salt, and the grated rind of one orange. When cool add two cups of cream and beat lightly together. Line a mould with small sponge cakes halved, pour in the mixture, and set on ice till firm.

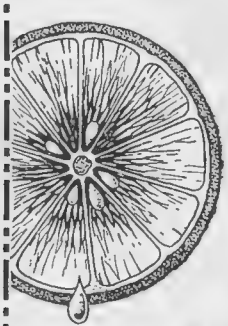
Grape-fruit Mould

Put six tablespoonfuls of cornflour into a basin and stir till well blended with six tablespoonfuls of water, stir into this a cup and a half of boiling water, and cook till clear. Meanwhile, mix a teacupful each of grape-fruit juice and sugar, the grated rind of one orange, and a pinch of salt. Add this to the hot cornflour, let it cook a minute or two, then pour upon the stiff-whipped whites of three eggs, beating well. Turn into a wet mould, put on the ice, and serve with cream.

Raspberry Junket

Pick the stalks from half a pound of raspberries (or loganberries), wash them well, and add enough sugar to sweeten, then whisk the whites of two eggs until they are stiff froth, and mix them with the fruit. Make a junket in the ordinary way, and when it has set firm cover with the raspberry purée.

Emilia.



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SQUASHES OR IMITATIONS

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LEMON & ORANGE

Crushed from selected fruit —ripe and fresh from the trees

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Half Bottle - - 1/1
Crush in Decanters - - 2/-
Grape Fruit Crush - - 2/4
Gallon Jars - 10/6
in Great Britain.

Obtainable from Grocers, Chemists, and Wine and Spirit Merchants wherever this paper is read.

KIA-ORA LTD.,
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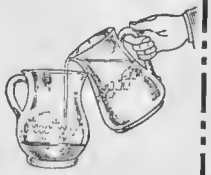

Visitors To-morrow?

For Lunch, Tea or Supper and all festive occasions, serve Chivers' Jellies and ensure the ideal holiday atmosphere.

Chivers' Jellies

WRITE FOR FREE RECIPE FOLDER TO DEPT. A7

CHIVERS & SONS, Ltd., *The Orchard Factory*, Histon, Cambridge

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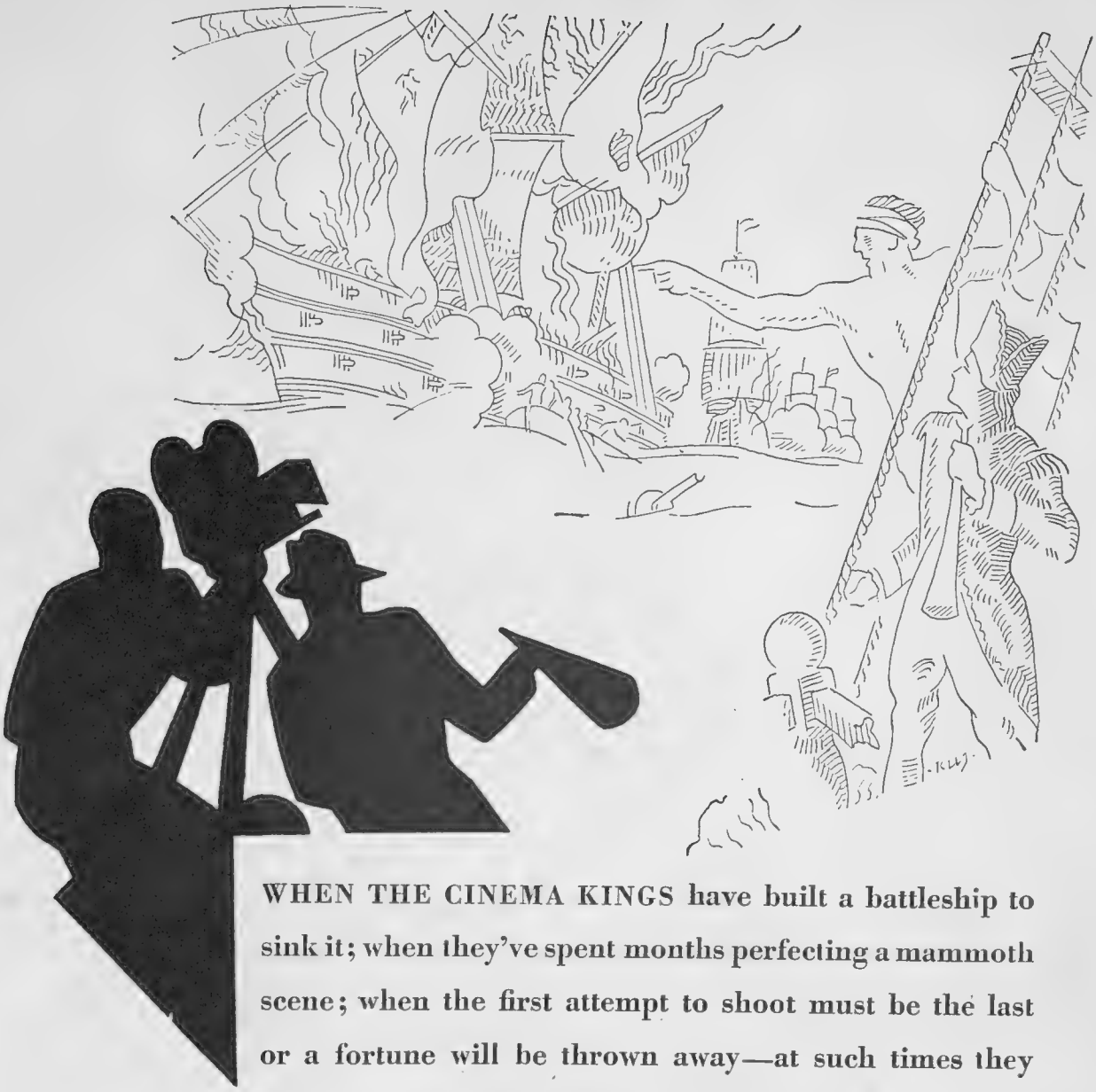


WHEN THE CINEMA KINGS have built a battleship to sink it; when they've spent months perfecting a mammoth scene; when the first attempt to shoot must be the last or a fortune will be thrown away—at such times they take no risks—they place their trust in Kodak film.

¶ *And you, too,* in your own photography can place your trust in Kodak film. Speed with latitude, quality with uniformity all at your service in the little spool of Kodak film which you buy —in its yellow box—from Mr. Perceval the chemist — in the High Street.

Kodak *film*

THE DEPENDABLE FILM IN THE YELLOW BOX

THE EDITOR'S BOX

For My Lady

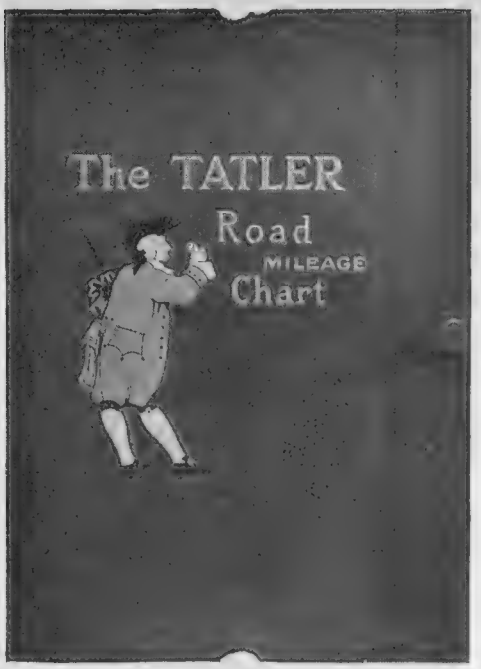
A truly delightful new perfume, and one which is certain to find favour with all discriminating women, is the alluring Caron Bellodgia. It is presented in a most distinctive silver striped box which is most artistic in appearance, and is contained in a bottle made on the cut-glass fashions of old, which are now returning to popularity. Caron Bellodgia is not a cheap perfume, but is most emphatically an alluring one, and to those women who are content to pay a high price for a high standard of excellence this new perfume will prove a real boon.

An Ideal Resort

For many years past visitors in search of health and pleasure have been in the habit of recuperating at Aix-les-Bains, for not only is the air wonderfully invigorating and its waters possessed of tonic properties to an unusual degree, but every comfort is to be found here also. The hotels and shops at Aix-les-Bains are among the best in the world, and for those who seek entertainment either indoors or in the open there are many facilities at this famous inland watering-place. The country round about is singularly beautiful, and really lovely views abound in the neighbourhood of Aix-les-Bains, which every year is steadily and surely increasing in popularity—a popularity earned by the wonderful air and waters as much as by the great efforts exercised to cater for and anticipate the every want of the discriminating visitor.

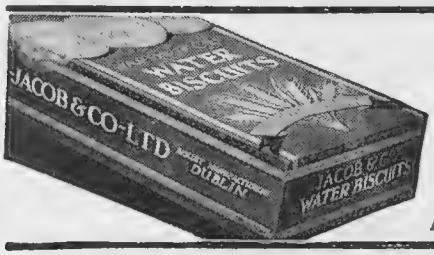
A Boon to Motorists

No motorist who has occasion to tour Great Britain to any extent should be without the *Tatler* Road Mileage Chart, which has just made its appearance, for as a quick and reliable method of enabling one to learn the distance between any two towns it is unequalled. One hundred important towns and cities in England, Scotland, and Wales are shown on this chart, which embodies over seven thousand two hundred and fifty mileages. And it is operated in the most simple manner, it being necessary only to slide a card so that the names of the destination and the place of departure align, and the mileage is shown in the space provided. As most other places are comparatively near one of the cities on this guide, motorists starting from unenumerated towns will add the local distance from their starting place to the nearest city, and will thus be able very simply to arrive at the complete distance to be covered on any one run. Nothing is more annoying than starting on a run the distance of which is only guessed at, and then finding that owing to a mental miscalculation one is unable to reach one's destination in the time allowed for, or—even worse—to discover that for the same reason one has not sufficient "juice" to reach one's destination and fine one's car giving out miles from the nearest petrol station. With the *Tatler* Mileage Chart, however, such *contretemps* need never happen.



The cover of the invaluable "Tatler's" Road Mileage Chart

AT AIX-LES-BAINS
A view of the Lake du Bouget at sunset



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Packed in a tin you can use on the table

Also obtainable (either "*high-baked*" or "*ordinary*") loose or in half-pound packets

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Take The Famous Medicinal Waters Every Morning

Kutnow's Powder dissolves the poisonous pain-causing acids of rheumatism and lumbago out of the system, and by its purifying and tonic properties tends to improve the general health. It regulates elimination without stringent action, and quickly dispels sluggish conditions of the liver, kidneys, and intestines. A teaspoonful of Kutnow's Powder in a glass of warm water gives you a medicinal drink of the same strength and virtue as the famous Continental Mineral Springs. Take at frequent intervals. As an aperient ONE dessertspoonful before breakfast. *Guaranteed free from sugar.*

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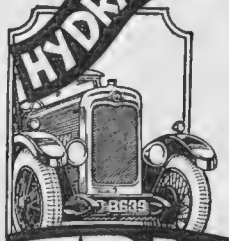

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Advanced Selection of Tweeds for Scotland and Moors.

If not able to call, write for my S.M. Form with patterns. Mr. Smee will give same personal attention. Mrs. J. writes: "I am quite satisfied—keep measurements for future orders."

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£4 : 17 : 6, £3 : 12 : 9, & £2 : 10 : 9

With Natural Skin Parting £6:6:0 SPECIAL SHADES EXTRA.

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Dainty Chignons to aid growing hair, from **10/9**

We are the sole makers of the celebrated **WOODVILLE TRANSFORMATIONS** perfectly secure and comfortable, from **63/-**. Made with skin parting, from **£6 : 6 : 0.**

Switches of Pure Human Hair.

16 in.	..	5/9
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22 in	..	15/9
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Every description of Ornamental Hairwork undertaken and carefully and promptly executed.

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FOR GOODS ON APPROVAL see our Illustrated Catalogue (post free).

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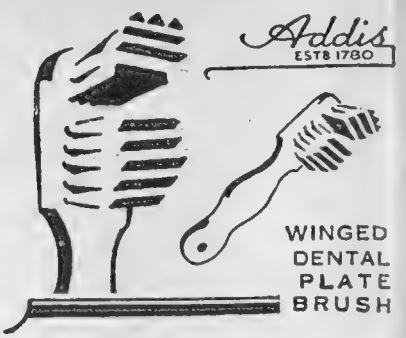

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HINDES' HAIR TINT

tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical Certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers.

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BRONZE BY RENÉ PARIS

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In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

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It is only a small dot on the map—but really it's a large and very old town with a wonderful Cathedral. It is better known, however, for the famous "4711," the Eau de Cologne that is so wonderfully refreshing and fragrant. If you are tired, inhale "4711" and you are refreshed. Remember when you were ill, I burned a little of this "4711" in a saucer and it kept the air in your room delightfully cool and sweet, helping you to get back to health quickly.

Made from the same recipe ever since 1792 when George III was King of Great Britain.

The bottles have Blue and Gold Labels with the numerals "4711" (*pronounced, four-seven-eleven*).

Sold Everywhere

2/6, 4/9, 8/9, 10/6, 15/-, 30/-, 36/- & 56/- *per bottle.*

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"4711" Vanishing Cream
A charming foundation cream. Perfumed with "4711" Eau de Cologne. Sold in Pots, 2/- and Tubes, 1/-.

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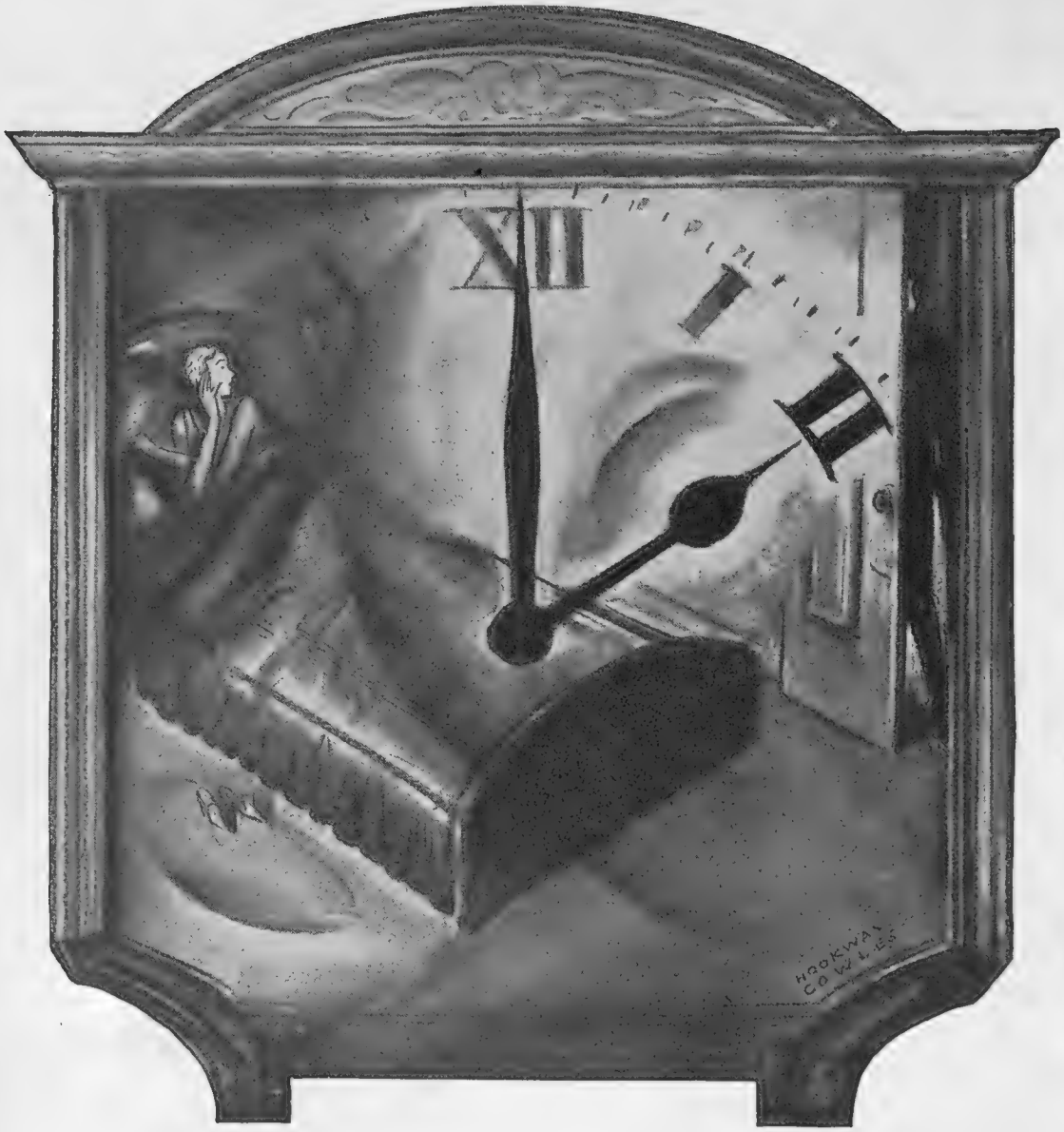
Perfumed with "4711" and made from the finest edible fats. 3 cakes in Box, 2/-.

"4711" Bath Salts
Supreme for the morning bath. Perfumed with "4711" Eau de Cologne. In bottles, 1/6 and 2/6 each.

No. 4711. Eau de Cologne



"She woke suddenly to hear the deep-toned clock in the hall chime TWO . . "

". . . It had not disturbed her before, but now she was wide awake, wondering, fearful. And why had the clock sounded so near and so loud? That could not have awakened her.

She sat up in bed, and her blood went cold as the explanation came to her. The door of her room was open. She had locked it and taken out the key. She listened.

It was not imagination; she could hear somebody breathing, and then a board creaked—she felt a hand touch the silken coverlet.

The scream died in her throat . . ."

She might have died, too. And if you're dying to know who did it (nearly), read EDGAR WALLACE'S latest thriller "One Night in Somerset," in the July issue of

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'Caradium' is NOT A DYE

'Caradium' Ha r Restorer is no new untried remedy. For years it has been a boon and a blessing to tens of thousands of men and women all over the world. It is the proved finest preparation for the hair. IT NEVER FAILS.

Dandruff quickly cured. If you are not grey 'CARADIUM used twice weekly will prevent your going grey.

Hundreds of original testimonials from delighted clients from all parts of the World can be seen at the House of Caradium. Here is an example:—

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"I cannot overstate the Efficiency of Caradium Hair Restorer. My hair looks as it did when I was 20, and I am now over 50. It is lustrous and silky in appearance, and never looks harsh or dry, as dyed hair so often looks. I am SO grateful."

WARNING—Do not accept Restorers offered "Just as good," as no substitute will give 'Caradium' results.

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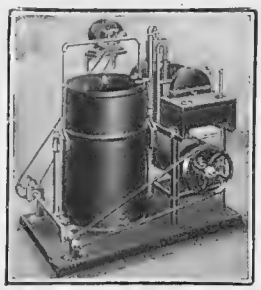

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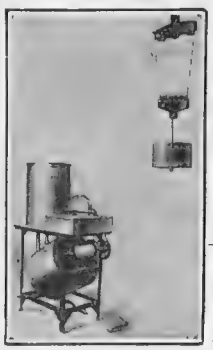

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BATH CRYSTAL TABLETS..... 3d. each, Box of Twelve 2/9
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Finest French Paste Sporting Brooches: Aberdeen, Sealyham, Alsatian, Cocker, Airedale, Wire Haired Terrier, Fox Terrier, Greyhound, Bulldog. Price 7/6 each extra.

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A selection of Hats sent on approval, on receipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved. New Illustrated Catalogue now ready. Post free.

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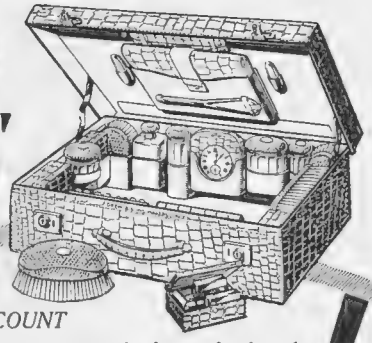

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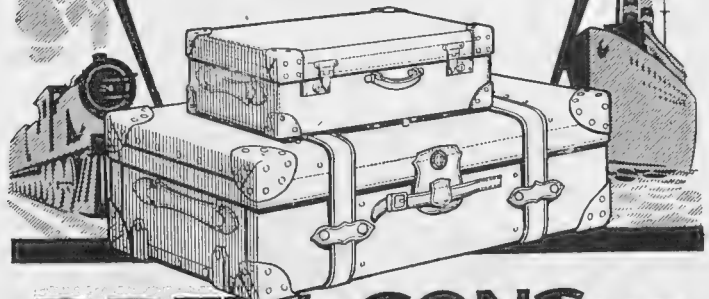

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FASHIONED in heavy quality Washing Crêpe. In Red, Green, Yellow, Gold, Saxe, Beige, Ivory, etc. Sizes 38 to 44.

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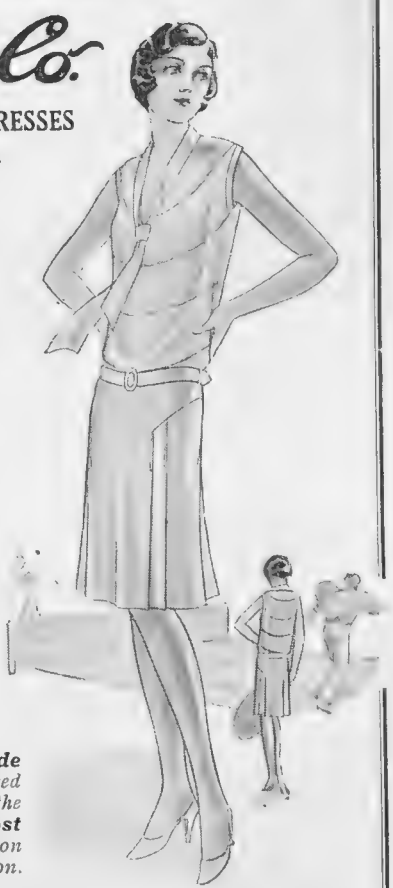

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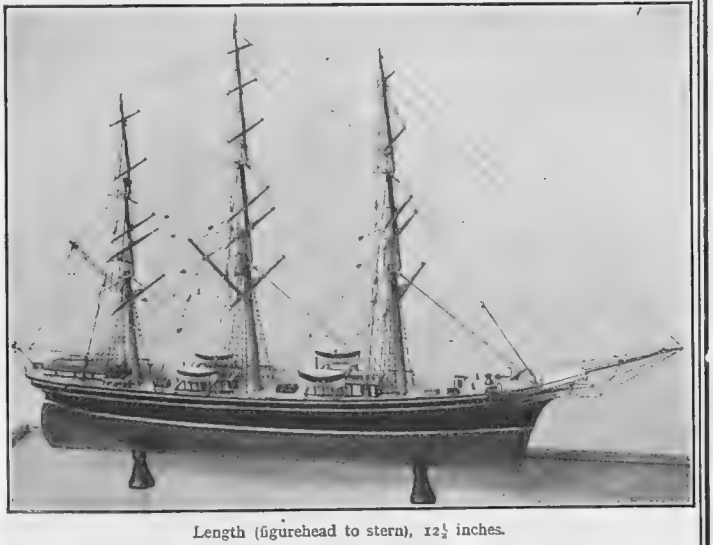

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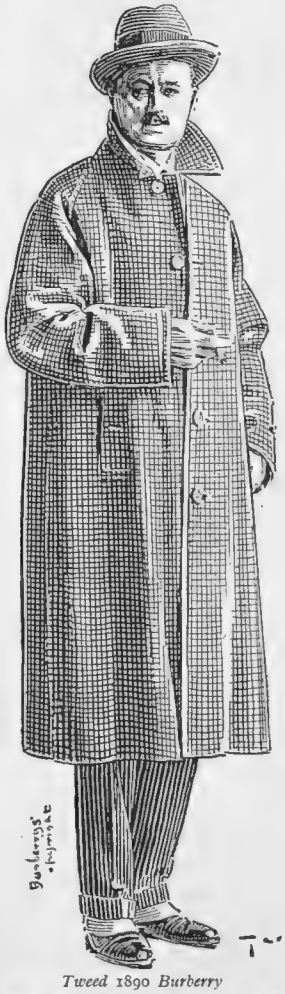

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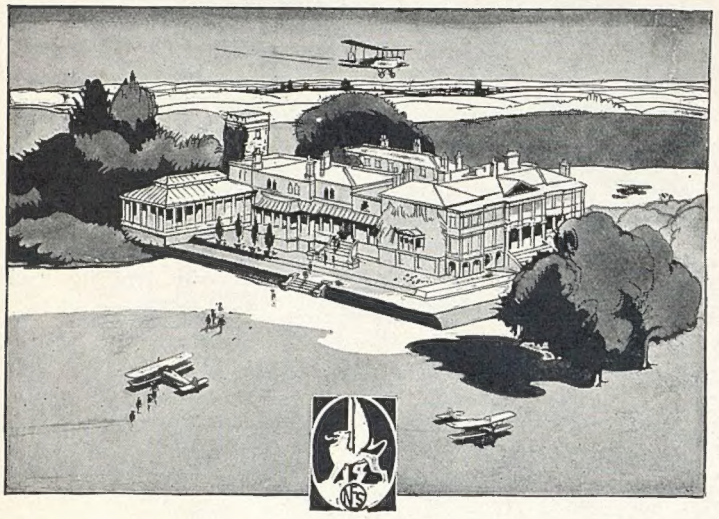

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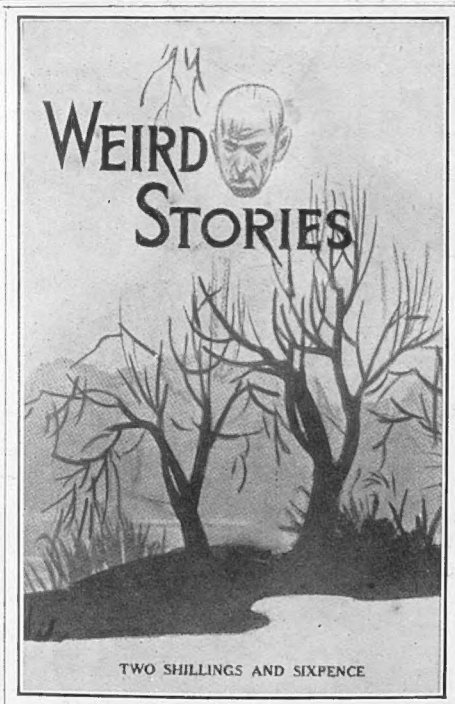

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